Obed Hall
Tamworth N.H.

NEW-ENGLAND GALAXY,
AND
BOSTON MERCURY.

NO. 647. BOSTON, FRIDAY, MARCH 5, 1830. VOL. XIII.

Published every Friday Evening, at No. 5, Congress-street, by
FREDERIC & HILL.
WILLIAM MARDEN AND TRUMAN R. HAWLEY—Printers.

TERMS. THREE DOLLARS a year, payable in advance. Subscribers not paying in advance, or withholding payment when bills are presented, will be charged at the rate of THREE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS. No paper discontinued but by order of the editor(s) or the publisher(s), or at the option of the proprietor. Subscribers by the quarter must pay ONE DOLLAR a quarter in advance.

AGENTS.
New-York, R. P. Dunlap, No. 99, Wall-street.
Philadelphia, Thomas T. Ash.
Baltimore, (Md.) William Porter.
Washington, (D. C.) S. P. Bunce, Esq.
Georgetown, (D. C.) Benjamin Edwards, Esq.
Savannah, (Georgia,) L. Baldwin & Co.
Brighton, (Mass.) Charles W. Babbitt.
Portsmouth, Childs & Marsh.
Portland, (Me.) Samuel Colman.
Windsor, (Vt.) Frederick Pettis.
Newburyport, (Mass.) M. Lord, Postmaster.
Springfield, (Mass.) Charles Guloy, Postmaster.
Barnstable, (Mass.) Matthew Cobb.

MISCELLANIES.

General La Fayette's Landing and Reception at Cincinnati, an Historical Painting. Oguest Jean J. Hervieu, *pinx't.* Cincinnati: 1829.

Auguest Jean Jacques Hervieu, the painter, was born at St. Germain en Laye, near Paris, 1794. At three years of age, he lost his mother, and his father followed the army of Napoleon, as Commissary, with the rank of Colonel. He died a prisoner, in the disastrous retreat of the French army from Moscow. The young Hervieu discovered a marked predilection for designing and painting, from his early years. His father had other views; and his crayons and drawing paper were interdicted him. But, as generally happens in strong endowment, the impulse of the son prevailed over the purpose of the father. He was placed for some years at one of the first boarding schools of Paris, that of the late M. Lemoine, in the hope, that in this classical school, he would imbibe a taste for military life. At the age of nineteen, he learned the death of his father, and shortly after, he became a pupil of M. Girodet, a distinguished painter, who soon treated him as a favorite. The health of this celebrated artist became feeble; and he saw himself compelled to exchange his instruction for that of M. Gros. At this period success began to dawn upon his labors; when the young artist blindly threw himself into the party in opposition to the government, in a dislike to monarchy shared with him by a great portion of the students of Paris. For three years he pursued this career, with the same zeal, which he had carried to his favorite studies. At length a mandate compelled him to leave the kingdom, and he took refuge in England. The fever of his patriotism had not yet run out, and he embarked in an English brig for Andalusia, in Spain; where he joined a feeble body of volunteers, commanded by Gen. Lallemand. The disastrous result of this expedition is sufficiently known. After this short and dangerous campaign Hervieu returned to England with a head, though not broken, yet abundantly sobered, and resumed his studies in London with his former energy.—Soon after his return, he saw in the French journals the result of his trial and condemnation. It was a fine of fifteen thousand francs, and an imprisonment of five years. Such a sentence rendered his return to France absolutely impossible; though the advent of Charles the X. to the throne seemed to promise general amnesty, and the restoration of every one to his rights. But what security could an individual expect from a government, with which he had been committed, and whose ministers were found incessantly opposed to public opinion? Hervieu remained in London, and executed many paintings for the royal Academy at Somerset House. He sent a *sketch of the combat of Thermopylæ* to France, which procured him at the same time, a medal, and the title of *member of the Royal Academy of Lisle.* His talent obtained him the friendship of Sir Thomas Lawrence, president, and that of many other members of the academy of paintings. Success of this sort only attached him the more strongly to his pursuits.

We are scarcely able to fathom ourselves, much less to describe to others, the vague motives, the contingencies and combinations of circumstances, that seem often to shape our course in life, by a power superior to our choice and our will. Be it as it may, a freak of fortune, or an exaltation of his head threw him on the shores of America, perhaps opening brighter prospects to a machinist, an engineer, or a speculator, than a painter of his temperament and character. His youthful dreams had been of liberty and the glories of a free country. To have fought, to have been defeated, and persecuted, and amerced in an exorbitant fine, and threatened with five years imprisonment for his republican enthusiasm, would in no ways tend to change these predilections. At any rate, imagination from the other shore of the sea drew the curtain from our young country, and disclosed a brilliant career, and rapid success. Our pride and love of country forbid us to doubt, that he will ultimately obtain such success, as our land can offer.

* * *

The artist arrived at New-Orleans, and, without making himself known, ascended the river to Cincinnati. General La Fayette, the cherished republican of the old and new world, a Frenchman, who had devoted every thing for principle from his earliest youth, and who had tasted all the bitterness of fines, persecution and imprisonment, as a republican, had recently been welcomed at Cincinnati. It is easy to trace the chain of associations, which led Hervieu to select his *landing* here, as the subject of a picture. The great and good man had every where called forth an enthusiasm of heart-felt welcome, unknown to any other portion of our world, or any other period of time. He had ascended, from our great mart, 1600 miles along shores, which, while he was jeoparding himself in the high places of the field for American liberty, were one pathless and unknown wilderness. Fresh cities had arisen in these forests, peopled with three millions and a half of freemen. The one received in a beautiful and flourishing town, the growth, like the prophet's gourd, of a night, the seventh night, which he had passed in the prison of Olmutz. On all sides were seen population, villages, farm houses, abundance, equality and comfort. He landed from the opposite shore of Ohio, while the within rang with the welcomes of 50,000 people, a mass of an unsophisticated, proudly independent, and equal republicanism, as can be found on our globe, as prolific in hearty and unstudied feeling, as their soil in vegetation, and as unpressed and unregulated in the expression of it, as their forests were unshorn by the axe. Such a scene, and such a subject must have had charms for an enthusiast, whose whole thoughts had been devoted to liberty.

We make no pretensions to connoisseurship, and always surrender ourselves, in contemplating a picture, to the unsophisticated feeling of the moment. We abhor the *cognoscenti* cant, which we almost invariably find the index of a little and shuffling mind, and we would not for the world know as much about pictures and the drama, as a certain writer, whose infinite *virtu* we have sometimes occasion to see in a brother monthly. We are ready to believe, that nine in ten, who behold this picture, share our feelings, and at the first glance, indulge the illusion, that it is a group of life; that every individual is under the impulse of an intense enthusiasm; that the multitude are in the act of giving sensible form to the feeling that animates them, and you expect a shout, like the noise of many waters, "welcome La Fayette!" There is a general concurrence of opinion, in regard to the fidelity of the likeness of General La Fayette. He has been rowed across the river from the Kentucky shore, accompanied by the Governor of that State, and many others of its distinguished citizens. He has landed on the fine paved acclivity, which is one of the noblest works of our city. His eye is struck with the continued blocks of massive commercial buildings in a city so recent, that its name had scarcely reached him in the old world. Squares of infantry and cavalry, in their gaudiest uniforms, are formed in lines. On the ascending slope, above him, around him, on the roofs of the houses, as far as he can see, every space is crowded with people; and all is life, joy and welcome. The painter has aimed to give no exaggerated expression to his countenance. You can see enthusiasm and excitement; but there is an effort to temper it with self-collected dignity. In the midst of this republican jubilee, such an expression is given to him, as we may suppose a celestial visitant would assume, who had been invited to earth on a holiday festival, with the manner and circumstances of which he was well pleased. The excellent Governor Morrow with a countenance, costume and manner delightfully quaint, simple and puritanic, is grasping his hand; and if Hervieu had wished to portray Western republicanism, there is just the figure and the expression. You imagine, that it is Cincinnatus, who has unyoked his team, put on his best, and come to welcome his dearest friend. Expression of countenance, position, fidelity of likeness and all other circumstances considered, Morgan Neville, Esq. would generally be selected, as the most striking figure in the whole group. None, but an artist of power, could have conveyed to his countenance the speaking eagerness to press through the crowd, to embrace his own friend, and his father's friend.—Those, who have affected to find this picture marked by sternness, might judge, that it was so by design, when they notice the charming form and person of young Avery, and infer what the painter would have done, had splendor, amenity and softness, and the silken drapery and festoons, and personages, that are in "king's houses," been his *beau ideal.*

It will be expected of us, that we descend to some of the particulars of this painting. Its dimensions are sixteen feet by twelve. The principal group is composed of La Fayette, and the superior officers, who crossed the river with him, and who are advancing to meet Mr. Morrow, Governor of Ohio. Amiability sits embodied in the countenance of this man, who is affectionately grasping his hand. Among the persons of his suite are Generals Harrison, Lytle, and Desha, Governor of Kentucky. Near them are the Hon. Judge Burnet, and Messrs. Greene and Fletcher, Esqs., persons deputed by the city to tender him its welcome. By them is Major Larrabee, an officer, who distinguished himself at Tippicanoe, and who lost an arm in the service. Near him are the late lamented Mr. Madeira and J. Lytle, Captain of the hussars. A little below, in the second group, are the Governor's two *aids de camp*, Cols. Pendleton and King, and with them Major Raffin, the Sheriff. The young gentleman in the military costume of West Point, was introduced with a view to perpetuate the recollections of the nation's guest, who could never forget the reception given him by the pupils of that military school. In the same group are Messrs. Foster, Dorfeuille, Foote, P. Symmes, a man of letters, Rev. Oliver Spencer, and Dr. Drake. Two veterans of the revolution, the first the late Mr. Wyeth, formerly mentioned in this journal, as one, who aided in throwing the tea overboard in Boston harbor, venerable by his age, his mild countenance, his gray hairs, and the recollections associated with his person; and the other an old negro servant in livery, who belonged to the suite of General Washington, are striking figures in the crowd. This group terminates with H. Powers, a young sculptor of the city, of the highest promise. He has given a strikingly faithful bust of the painter; and the latter has signalized his gratitude, and friendship, and respect for his talent, by giving the sculptor a conspicuous place in his painting. This circumstance, along with the introduction of Mr. Flint and Rev. Mr. Pierpont, who were not actually present at the landing, may perhaps, suggest the objection of anachronism, and violation of historical fidelity. The most formidable difficulty of the artist was this cramping limitation to fact. One of the gentlemen, by his recent visit to this city, in which he received such a cordial welcome, had in some sense identified himself with us; and as he is well and generally known in the Atlantic country, where this picture will be seen, it seems to us a befitting compliment to him. We imagine that any objections in regard to the presence of the other two, will be generally put to the account of hypercriticism. We allow unlimited range to poetry. Surely the sister art may have some indulgence of episode; especially if any connection exists between it and the leading idea.

But to return to the picture. Among the hundred astonishing incidents, that occurred to La Fayette, in his journey through our Union, it happened, that the same woman mingled with the multitude in this welcome, who gave the nation's guest, as he came out of the prison of Olmutz, a three franc piece and a cup of milk. Here was the good German woman no longer in Germany, but at the landing in Cincinnati. Gen. La Fayette every where showed, that such touching remembrances never escaped him. The artist has happily seized upon this circumstance, and has made the eager face of the good woman conspicuous, by presenting her in her German costume.

The lines are formed by companies of infantry from the city. They are commanded by the three Colonels, McFarland, Borden and Ferris. Near them are Daniel Gano, and David B. Lawler, Esqr's. More to the left of the painting is the Marshal of the day, Col. Carr, and his aid, W. D. Jones. The group in this direction terminates with the fancy figures, of which we have spoken, together with a number of young girls, running with flowers towards the person, who is the centre of all thoughts for that day.

Among the whole mass of hundreds, there is not an individual, in a position to display his countenance, in which it is not taken with such fidelity, that a child, acquainted with the persons, instantly names them in the picture. It will not be supposed, that we have thought to sketch all the details of this painting. The artist is of a school, which, we are informed, is gaining ground in Europe, which prefers severity, and strength, and marked expression, to the studied smoothness and finish of the ancient school. Of one thing we are sure, that it seems to us to have more life, than any painting, which we have seen. These collected multitudes of the interior of the west strike us, as only waiting for an appointed signal from the necromancer, who has in his whim of power, chained up their burning feeling, voiceless, and motionless, to walk out of the canvass, throw up their hats in the air, and stun us with their acclamations. We have no doubt, that enough critics will be found to espy defects. But we are as confident for ourselves, that the artist will have least to apprehend from those, who are best qualified to judge. We know but one place, where this painting, in our judgment, ought to rest; and that is in one of the vacant pannels of the capitol at Washington. The Atlantic country has its emblems, and its remembrances embodied already there. But there are no memorials of a State, that numbers a million of freemen, nothing, that calls up the image of the great West.

We wish only to add, that the accomplished artist has shown equal talent in portraits, miniatures, landscapes, and more than all, sketches of western scenery, and drawings of Indians. Mr. Owen lives on Hervieu's canvass; and his *twelve fundamental laws* are immortalized, by emblematical sketches of life in a parallelogram!! *ab ovo usque ad mala.* But the painting in question has been his great work; and for the two past years, he has wrought upon it, with a perseverance and incessant application appropriate to his character. Happily, he has suffered nothing of that sickness of acclimation, which many Europeans pay, as a tribute to our climate. During the most fervid heats of our summers, he was at his palette fifteen hours a day.

This talented gentleman has adopted our country, as his home. We hope, he will find a maternal welcome. He will journey with the painting to the Atlantic States. We shall be proud of this specimen, of what the west has produced in the fine arts. We cannot but flatter ourselves, that the people of the Atlantic country, will feel some interest and curiosity, to contemplate the living faces and forms of some of the distinguished citizens of this largest of the Western cities.—*Western Monthly Review.*

A SAILOR'S APOLOGY FOR BOW-LEGS.

There's some is born with their straight legs by nature—
And some is born with bow-legs from the first—
And some that should have grow'd a good deal straighter,
But they were badly nurs'd,
And set, you see, like Bacchus, with their pags
Astride of casks and kegs:
I've got myself a sort of bow to larboard,
And starboard,
And this is what it was that warp'd my legs.

'Twas all along of Poll, as I may say,
That foul'd my cable when I ought to slip;
But on the tenth of May,
When I gets under weigh,
Down there in Hertfordshire, to join my ship,
I sees the mail
Get under sail,
The only one there was to make the trip.
Well—I gives chase,
But as she ran
Two knots to one,
There warn't no use in keeping on the race!

Well—casting round about, what next to try on,
And how to spin,
I spies an ensign with a Bloody Lion,
And bears away to leeward for the inn,
Boats round the gable,
And fetches up before the coach-horse stable:
Well—there they stand, four kickers in a row,
And so
I just makes free to cut a brown'un's cable.
But riding isn't in a seaman's nature—
So I whips out a toughish end of yarn,
And gets a kind of sort-of a land-waiter
To splice me, heel to heel,
Under the she mare's keel,
And off I goes, and leaves the inn a-stern!

My eyes! how she did pitch!
And wouldn't keep her own to go in no line,
The' I kept bowsing, bowsing at her bow-line,
But always making lee-way to the ditch,
And yawa'd her head about all sorts of ways.
The devil sink the craft!
And wasn't she trimendus slack in stays!
We couldn't, no how, keep the lan shaft!
Well—I suppose
We hadn't run a knot—or much beyond—
(What will you have on it?)—but off she goes,
Up to her bends in a fresh-water pond!
There I am!—all shock!
So I looks forward for her bridle-gears,
To leave her head round on the t'other tack;
But when I starts,
The leather parts,
And goes away right over by the ears!

What could a fellow do,
Whose legs, like mine, you know, were in the hilboes,
Put targ myself upright for bringing to,
And square his yard-arms, and brace up his elbows,
In rig all snug and clever,
Just while his craft was taking in her water?
I didn't like my butth tho', howsomdever,
Because the yarn, you see, kept getting taughter,—
Says I—I wish this job was rayther shorter!

The chase had gain'd a mile
A-head, and still the she-mare stood a-drinking:
Now, all the while
Her body didn't take of course to shrinking.
Says I, she's letting out her reefs, I'm thinking—
And so she swell'd, and swell'd,
And yet the tackle held,
'Till both my legs began to bend like winkin.
My eyes! but she took in enough to founder!
And there's my timbers straining every bit,
Ready to split,
And her tarnation hull a-growing rounder!

Well, there—off Hartford Ness,
We lay both lash'd and water-logg'd together,
And can't contrive a signal of distress;
Thinks I, we must ride out this here foul weather,
Tho' sick of riding out—and nothing less;
When, looking round, I sees a man a-stern:—
Hollo! says I, come underneath her quarter!—
And hands him out my knife to cut the yarn.
So I gets off, and lands upon the road,
And leaves the she-mare to her own concarn,
A-standing by the water.
If I get on another, I'll be blow'd!—
And that's the way, you see, my legs got bow'd!

BANDITTI.

Of all the saints in the Calendar, none has suffered less from the Reformation than St. Cecilia, the great patroness of Music. Lofty and lowly are her votaries—many and magnificent are her holiday festivals—and her common service is performed at all hours of the day. She has not only her regular high-priests and priestesses; but, like the Wesleyans, her itinerants and street-missionaries, to make known her worship in the highways and in the bye-ways. Nor is the homage confined to the people of one creed;—the Protestant exalts her on his barrel-organ—the Catholic with her tambourine—the wandering Jew with his Pan's pipe and double-drum.

It must be confessed that their service is sometimes of a kind rather to drive angels higher into heaven, than to entice them earthward; and there are certain retired streets—near the Adelphi, for instance—where such half-hourly deductions from the natural quiet of the situation should justly be considered in the rent. Some of the choruses, in truth, are beyond any but a saintly endurance.—Conceive a brace of opposition organs, a fife, two hurdy-gurdies, a clarionet, and a quartette of decayed mariners, all clubbing their music in common, on the very principle of Mr. Owen's *New Harmony!*

In the Journal of a recent Traveller through the Papal States, there is an account of an adventure with Neapolitan robbers, that would serve, with very slight alterations, for the description of an encounter with our own banditti.

"To-day, Mrs. Graham and I mounted our horses and rode towards Islington. We had not proceeded far, when we heard sounds as of screaming and groaning, and presently a group of men appeared at a turn of the road. It was too certain that we had fallen in with one of these roving bands. Escape was impossible, as they extended across the road. Their leader was the celebrated Flanigan, notorious for his murder of Fair Ellen, and the Bewildered Maid. One of the fellows advanced close up to Mrs. G. and putting his instrument to her ear, threatened to blow out her brains. We gave them what coppers we had, and were allowed to proceed. We were informed by the country people, that a gentlewoman and her daughter had been detained by them near the same spot, and robbed of their hearings, with circumstances of great barbarity; Flanigan, in the meantime, standing by with his pipe in his mouth! * *

"Innumerable other travellers have been stopped and tortured by these wretches, till they gave up their money; and yet these excesses are winked at by the police. In the meantime, the government does not interfere, in the hope, perhaps, that some day those gangs may be broken up, and separated, by discord amongst themselves."

Sometimes to the eye of fancy these wandering minstrels assume another character, and illustrate Collins's Ode on the Passions, in a way that might edify Miss Macauley. First, Fear, a blind harper, lays his bewildered hand amongst the cords, but recoils back at the sound of an approaching carriage. Anger, with starting eye-balls, blows a rude clash on the bugle-horn; and Despair, a snipe-faced wight, beguiles his grief with low sullen sounds on the bassoon. Hope, a consumptive Scot, with golden hair and a clarionet, indulges, like the flatterer herself, in a thousand fantastic flourishes beside the tune—with a lingering quaver at the close; and would quaver longer, but Revenge shakes his matted locks, blows a fresh alarum on his pandeans, and thumps with double beat his double-drum. Dejected Pity at his side, a hunger-bitten urchin, applies to his silver-toned triangle; whilst Jealousy, sad proof of his distracted state, grinds on, in all sorts of time, at his barrel-organ. With eyes upraised, pale Melancholy sings retired and unheeded at the corner of the street; and Mirth,—yonder he is, a brisk little Savoyard, jerking away at the hurdy-gurdy, and dancing himself at the same time, to render his jig-tune more jigging.

ASSASSINATION OF MR. PERCEVAL.

The ninth number of Jerdan's "National Portrait Gallery of Illustrious and Eminent Personages of the Nineteenth Century," has been published; and from it we gather the facts annexed respecting the death of the Premier, who was shot by Bellingham in the lobby of the House of Commons.—*N. Y. Atlas.*

I had ascended the stair which leads to the folding door of the lobby, and was about to push it open for myself, when, turning partly round, I saw the premier (with whom I had the honor of a very slight personal acquaintance) mounting the steps immediately behind me. I bowed to him, and was saluted in return with that benevolent smile which I was so instantly destined to see effaced forever; for, as I held back the door on the right to allow the precedence of entering, the mortal bullet was sped by the villain, who had (as was afterwards proved) long stationed himself on the spot to watch for his victim, and commit this unholy murder. It is an extraordinary fact (and I leave it to be explained on any system of moral or physical sensation,) that though so near Mr. Perceval at this moment that I could have touched him, and if the ball had passed through him it must have struck me, yet I did not hear the report of the pistol, but only saw a wreath of smoke mount from the place. In the first confusion, indeed, no one of the many individuals present precisely knew what had really happened, and it was the fall of the martyr of assassination only that developed the nature of the attrocious deed. On receiving the wound, the unfortunate gentlemen fell almost back towards his left, against the angle formed by the door and the wall, exclaiming very faintly, "*O God!*" or, "*O my God!*" the last words he ever uttered; for immediately, as if moved by an innate impulse to seek for safety in the house, he made an effort to rush forward, but merely staggered a few paces, and dropped down on the spot. I observed Mr. William Smith, the member for Norwich, Lord Francis Osborne (I think,) a Mr. Phillips, and several other persons, hasten to raise him up: there was an effusion of a little blood on the mouth, and the pale features bore the stamp of death. The body was carried into the Speaker's room by the opening on the left. This was the dreadful work of not more than fifteen seconds; and, during the same period (having first run forward to render any assistance to Mr. Perceval, in which I was anticipated by the instant interposition of the parties I have just mentioned) my attention was directed to the assassin by a gentleman (whom I since knew to be Mr. Eastaff, of the Vote-office, at the door of which he stood) pointing out Bellingham, and exclaiming "That is the murderer!" He had, with apparent calmness, retired from the fatal spot, and was sitting down upon the bench on the higher side of the fire-place, when I arrested him by the collar.* This was no act of which to be vain, for he neither offered resistance, nor seemed for a time to regard what was passing about him. His breast was stripped open, and a second pistol (loaded), and other things, were taken from his person, by Mr. Dowling and others. Of these, the manuscript copy of his petition of grievances in Russia, and the want of redress for which led to his insane revenge, is in my possession, identified by the initials of Joseph Hume, to be produced, if requisite, at a future period. I also possess a common-looking, but powerful opera-glass, found upon him, with which he had, on several preceding nights, made himself acquainted with Mr. Perceval's personal appearance, from the gallery of the House of Commons—a circumstance which, in my opinion, contradicts the supposition that he equally meditated the assassination of Lord Leveson Gower; and, unquestionably, he bore a strong resentment to that nobleman, for what he considered to have been his neglect of him in his northern mercantile transactions. But to return to my painful narrative. Bellingham, with his breast exposed, and now extremely perturbed, was in a state of great excitation when General Gascoyne appeared, and recognised him as a man whom he knew, from having seen him at Liverpool. No words, indeed, can picture his frightful agitation; large drops of agonizing sweat ran down his pallid face (I am not exaggerating in this description of extreme human emotion, when I declare, that the former resembled rain-drops on a window in a heavy storm, and that the latter was of the cadaverous hue of the tomb;) and, from the bottom of his chest to his gorge, rose and fell a spasmodic action, as if a body as large as the hand were choking him with every breath. Never on earth, I believe, was seen a more terrible example of overwrought suffering; yet, in language he was perfectly cool and collected. Some one came

* I am again particular, because, in the testimony at the trial of a gallant General, Gascoyne, who came from a committee-room above, and through long passages, as well as through the house into the lobby, he spoke of having rushed forward and seized Bellingham, as if no one had preceded him. Now, this was not only impossible, from the distance at which he was when the crime was committed, but I remember well that Sir Charles Long, (the present Lord Farnborough,) Mr. Vincent Dowling, and Mr. Burgess, the solicitor of May-Fair, were all about the person of the assassin for (under such circumstances) a considerable time before the General came up. Mr. Dowling, especially, had collared Bellingham on the opposite side, nearly simultaneously with myself, and Mr. Burgess snatched the instrument of death from his hand; and it was the place of the former which General G. took, while he, Mr. Dowling, came in front to search the pockets and person of the prisoner. The individuals I have named are alive to testify to the correctness of this statement; and that it is only now given to the public is owing to the persuasion, that it might have produced a very injurious effect if promulgated at the time. For the plain truth is, if Bellingham's acute counsel had been aware of the circumstance, so as to cross-examine the evidence, it is not improbable they might have very seriously embarrassed the jury, notwithstanding the enormity of the murder; since it is on the evidence adduced, alone, that a criminal can be found guilty.

from the Speaker's room, and said, "Mr. Perceval is dead! Villain, how could you destroy so good a man, and make a family of ten or twelve children orphans?" To which he feelingly replied, "I am sorry for it." He afterwards justified the sacrifice on the same grounds which he took at his committal and on his final trial. It is not my province to describe the scene of anxiety and tumult which followed the perpetration of this monstrous crime. Doors were guarded, messengers were running to and fro, and all was disorder. But in a few minutes, when the nature of the calamity was ascertained, the Speaker of the House of Commons recalled men to their senses, by assuming the chair of that assembly, and ordering the guilty to be brought before him. Mr. Taylor, the ancient doorkeeper, for once opened it to all that came, and I on one side, and, I think, General Gascoyne on the other, conducted the unresisting prisoner to the bar. The forms of Parliament, however, refused cognizance to the transaction, and the House was adjourned, in order that the country magistrates present might proceed according to law; in consequence of which the two magistrates I have named repaired to the inquest in an apartment above, where Bellingham hardly spoke, and whence he was, with due precaution, soon after commited to Newgate. To this, I hope not too minute, history of an event unparalleled in its effect upon the country, since the assassination of the Duke of Buckingham by Felton, and still more unparalleled in moral atrocity, I have little to add. The rapidity with which the news flew to every part of the metropolis, and thence throughout the country, could hardly be reconciled with possibility; and the extraordinary agitation which every where prevailed, looked more like the convulsion of an empire than the loss of one man, however exalted and beloved. But his virtues had made all the world his friends, except the wretch who shed his blood; and his death was bewailed with a more unanimous and sensible sorrow than is usually given to the fate of those, the brightest and the best, who shine in times of political struggle, and reach the goal of political ambition.

NEW-ENGLAND GALAXY.

Widow. Will you stay, gentlemen?
A piece of beef and a cold capon, that's all.
You know you're welcome.—*Beaumont and Fletcher.*

FRIDAY EVENING, MARCH 5, 1830.

Fine Arts in the West. On our first page will be found an interesting description of a great picture, which has recently been completed by a French artist residing in Cincinnati. The subject is the arrival of La Fayette at that city,—and if the word of the critic may be taken, it has been handled with great skill.

The Exclusives. A Novel bearing this title, and said to be from the pen of one versed in all the mysteries of fashionable life in London, has lately made its appearance from the press of the Harpers at New-York. We have had no opportunity to read this history of the Machiavellian policy which characterizes the movements of the "good society" of London,—but we are told that it is full of interesting incidents, and abundantly supplied with gossip upon all topics which may be lawfully discussed by the *haut ton*. The puffs assert furthermore that it is written with spirit, and gives evidence of the author's possession of much talent in the delineation of character. The personages introduced into the story are drawn from the life, and the real names of the individuals represented by the dramatis personæ of the work, have been published in some of the newspapers. We copy a chapter at random, from which, perhaps, our readers may form an opinion whether the two volumes are worthy of a perusal.

As he withdrew, Comtesse Leinsengen was announced. The fair one bonnet and deep veil—the splendid cashmere on (still long petticoats (although they were generally worn very much shortened), afforded a favorable costume to the lady who now advanced; certain defects were thus concealed, and imagination might lend that delicacy of slimness and form to the feet and ancles which pervaded the rest of the person, but which did not characterize those of the Comtesse.

The rapid volubility of the one lady, and the sharp short sentences of the other, began the conference. Lady Tilney placed the most luxurious of all the luxurious chairs close to the fire, pushed forward the screen, and with the eagerness of apparent friendship, seemed to wish to make her visiter quite at home; or, as she expressed it, "delicciously comfortable." "You have learned that word now, dear Comtesse,—indeed you have adopted it; and there is no one who understands the thing so perfectly as your self."

Midst all these courtesies had courtings the Comtesse observed a sort of abstracted air, though they were (and so far Lady Tilney was sincere) things of course.

"My dear Comtesse, I am so glad we have a minute alone, to discuss our plans. I have many things of consequence to say to you; but before I begin I must speak to you of that horrible affair of poor Lady Mailing; it is quite impossible to support her any longer, for you are aware her secret is publicly known. So long as she was prudent, and observed appearances, it was very well; but now it will be impossible for me to receive her. You know I never did receive any body who placed themselves in a similar situation—not even my own relations; my character has always *esprit intacte*, and I cannot *compromate* myself, though I am very sorry for poor Lady Mailing; and had she only avoided this *esclandre*, and managed her affair prudently, I would have stood by her to the end: but as it is—"

"Oh, certainly not," interrupted the Comtesse; "you must be conscious that every one knows Lady Tilney's high reputation, and it would never be supposed dat you would countenance a belle passion; vraiment, quand on est trellement dupe as to sacrifice as position dans le monde, to a man's vanity, or to be playing de sentimentale at forty, it is quite enough to make one sick, and she well deserves to be vat you call blown. *Mais, de grace*, do not let us prose more about her—*ma chère?*"

"Oh, very true, and then there are other matters of so much greater consequence to consider. Do you really think that this administration will hold—you who are in all the secrets?—positively you must tell me. I am sure if that man (lowering her voice to a whisper) is at the head of affairs, all must go wrong—poor England! what will become of you? But we will never allow that—shall we?"

"Oh! trève de politiques, ma chere, si vous m'aimez; it is a subject quite martial, and therefore, you know, not at all in my way. What I want to revolutionize, or rather to reform, is your state of society."

"Precisely, my dear Comtesse, it is the very subject on which I wished to talk to you, when I wrote requesting to see you—you received my note, did you not?"

"Oh, yes; but it is an affair on which we hold such very different opinions. My maxim is, ce bien amuser d'apres sa propre volonte—that is what I want to do; and to tell you the truth, I am ennuyee a la mort in your London world—every thing is so stupid here! Vat signify dat tiresome Almack, after all? It was good enough at first, when it put people in a passion, et pendant que to faisais furore; but now that, somehow or other, you Hibernian admitted every petite demoiselle vid her red elbows, and vil-

gue manner, to take care of her, it has lost all its character; and I positively intend to withdraw my name. Besides, de [illegible] mamagesses cannot even maintain a seat at de top of de room, de ogresight I find Lady Melcombe and her daughter perch up in my seat; and though I walked over them and stared them down, dey positively took no hint, but sat still so comfortably vulgar it was quite provoking. No, no, my dear, Almack's day is finish and de thing must fall—so never stay by a falling friend; when a person or a ting begins to totter, leave it."

"Very true," rejoined Lady Tilney; "there is much truth in what you advise (and she looked very grave.) But then, you know, my dear Comtesse, you must consider the independence of our constitution—which makes it very difficult—"

"Not to have a stupid society.—Agreed."

"But the great number of our nobility," rejoined Lady Tilney, "and the weight and consequence of a still greater number of influential members in the other house"——

"Renders all your pretences of a societe choisie mere pretence."

"Pardon me, Comtesse, you have yourself owned that my parties are select; and you yourself, although in a public situation, contrive to leave out those who do not suit your purpose. After all, what can tend more to the preservation of society?—than such impertinence" was on Lady Tilney's tongue; but she checked herself, and added with a little cough that gave time for reflection; "What can tend more to the maintenance of a societe distinguee than the exercise of this choice, made without reference to the rank or situation of the parties, but merely dependent on the voice of the few who are formed to lead?"

"Very true," rejoined the Comtesse Leinsengen, "and if that system was properly upheld, it is the only chance of not being *obsede* by vulgars;—but you do not act upon it sufficiently. As to myself, I can no long bear de whole ting; my health does not permit of your late hours, and I generally go away when your company are beginning to arrive. And then these great routs of your Dutchess d' Hermanstons and your Ladi Borrowdales and Aveling, sont a dormir de bout."

"Agreed, my dear Comtesse, I do so agree with you; it is the very matter I am longing to discuss with you.—Do let us settle something among ourselves, that shall rid us of all these evils, and establish a *societe a part*. I must tell you what I have already done to effect this purpose. You know that odious Lady Borrowdale has one of her everlasting At Homes next Thursday, to meet their Royal Highnesses the ——— as usual, that vulgar decoy; so I have therefore countermanded my former invitations, and issued my cards for that very day—Nobody will go there, will they?"

"Perhaps not many; and if some do, there are plenty left."

"Yes," said Lady Tilney, with ill-concealed anxiety, "but you know the royalties always do accept her invitations."

"What matters dat—you do not care for royalties."—For an instant Lady Tilney's command of language was checked—she almost betrayed her vexation, when fortunately the name of Lady Ellersby was announced, whose dawdling drawl, as she entered the apartment, smoothed over the asperities which began to mark the conversation, and which might have rendered it in the end a little too *piquante*.

"My dear Lady Ellersby," said Lady Tilney, "how charmed I am too see you. I was dying to meet you, to consult you, to enjoy your entertaining society." The Comtesse Leinsengen smiled significantly, as she said, "And so was I."

"Consult me! La—well, that is something quite new—nobody ever consulted me; but pray explain what you mean."

"Oh! we want to establish some regulations by which our society shall be distinguished, and which shall save us from the inroads of all these people whom we are constantly meeting, and obliged to be civil to, whether we will or no—in short, something that shall make us, as we ought to be—a race *a-part*."

"I thought," Lady Ellersby replied, "we always were that."—"To be sure we were; but then, my dear, you know abuses will creep in, and all constitutions require from time to time to be strengthened or reformed, according to circumstances; and you know, my dear Lady Ellersby; that we have all of us long since lamented that Almack's, which was excellent in its way, has now, from the infringement on its privileges, become quite corrupted from its original design, and something positively must be done, or we shall be overwhelmed en masse—something to stem this torrent, this inroad of Goths and Vandals."

"Dear me, that sounds very alarming—you quite frighten me; I don't understand you—pray tell me what it is you propose."

"Why," answered Lady Tilney, "we wish to form a society entirely to ourselves, which shall be quite exclusive—a society for which we shall settle *d'avance* every particular and qualification of the person who may be admitted of it. Thus you see (turning to the Comtesse Leinsengen), my dear Comtesse, we shall never do any thing but in concert with each other, and never invite any one but those who entirely suit us. You understand me now, don't *you?*" addressing Lady Ellersby.

"Oh dear, yes! I think I do."

"No, no, you do not understand her. Permettez—in one word I will explain vat Lady Tilney mean to say: voici le mot de l'enigme—you are all English, and though you do your *possible* you cannot help being English. You are all afraid in dis country to do vat you like best; and though Lady Tilney propose to ask only the chosen few, you will none of you do so in reality, take my word for dat. You talk freedom, but act in chains. Now we, au contraire, *chez nous*—we women I mean—do de freedom, andnever think of de chain at all; but whenever you ladies make your lists for your parties for instance; den comes—dis is not politic, *toder* is not right,—dis is not my husband's pleasure; some scarecrow or anoder is always driving you off de land of amusement. Now you say you will open your doors only to those you like, and you are right—dere is no oder secret for to make pleasant society; but you will *not* do it, nevertheless, ladies, for you are all de cowards."

"Indeed, my dear Comtesse," rejoined Lady Tilney, "you will find that we *shall*, though—and I think effectually; although there are certain principles in our constitution which extend to the ruling even of private life—and these the wives of certain nobles cannot wholly overlook." Comtesse Leinsengen shrugged her shoulders.

"Ah, dear, it is as I thought, you are de woman I like best in dis country; but you are all over shackle, up to de ear in de *qu'en dira t'on?* De plebe ought to be made of de noble's opinion, not de noble constrained to dat of de vulgar."

"That may do very well with you," rejoined Lady Tilney, "but with us as an unqualified maxim it will never do. I grant, Comtesse, all that you say can be done in one's own house, where one makes one's own laws and rules in one's own way: so far it is only asserting one's own right to liberty, and as far as we can persuade people to be of the same way of thinking, it is all right. But I have too much liberty in my heart to desire to tyrannise as you suggest; and, in fine, confess myself too much of an Englishwoman to wish to see your system prevailing among us."

Lady Tilney said this in a tone of English pride, which proved that she had not forgotten all that was best worth remembering, although it was in contradiction to the spirit of what had fallen from her a moment before.

Lady Tilney, however, dealt largely in contradiction at all times. The Countess Ellersby smiled; the Comtesse Leinsengen again shrugged her shoulders, drew her shawl around her, and was preparing to depart, saying, "Well! mes chères dames, I leave you to the enjoyment of your liberty, and have done."

"But I have not done," said Lady Tilney; "I am determined we shall have a society that shall be quite our own, and yet not subversive of principles we must uphold. (Another shrug of the shoulders.) Allow me to say, that if you, Comtesse, and you, my dear Lady Ellersby, will but second me, I am sure we shall not fail, and I know I may reckon on Prince Lattermanne co-operating with us;—so far so good."

"And Princesse Lattermanne?" inquired Lady Ellersby.

"Oh, for the prince's sake we must have her," replied the Comtesse Leinsengen, "D'ailleurs, *dans ma position*, it could not be otherwise—in all cases we must pass over des inconvenients—besides, she is good humoured, and has *her own fun to fish*, and will not trouble us much."

Lady Ellersby and Lady Tilney looked at each other, and laughed. "And then," observed Lady Tilney, "we have Princesse de la Grange, and Mrs. Kirchoffer; we must enrol them on our list (although they are sufficiently insipid), because they can be useful, and dare not act but in subserviency to us. But, Lady Sullen, what shall we do with her? She indeed has a will of her own, and she has a mother very much de trop, whom however she treats cavalierly enough (of which, by-the-way, I do not approve); but nevithless ting, I think we must have her, though we can by no means be troubled with the mamma."

"Certainement pas," cried the Comtesse, "for the Irish manque with her vulgar expressions would give a mauvaise tournure to de whole society."

"There you are right; and while we admit the daughter, remember, it is only on sufferance, just on the same footing as we admit Mrs. Kirchoffer, and as I propose that we should also do Lady de Chere and Lady Hamlet Vernon, and——"

"Mais, que faire de la jeune lady," interrupted the Comtesse, "qui parmi un certain set is a good deal de vogue, Ladi—Ladi,—vat you name her?"

"What, Lady Baskerville?" asked Lady Tilney; and then replied. "Oh she must be one of us, to be sure, for I think we can make use of her—she only longs to be in the fashion, and her husband also. Flatter their vanity, and you do with them what you choose; make them believe they are of the ton, and you have them at command."

"Well, den, now you have named all de ladies I suppose, and dere is but one cavalier; do you mean us to be a convent, and have no gentlemen?"

"By no means, my dear Comtesse; of course there will be all our husbands." Here the Comtesse Leinsengen had recourse to her usual expressive gesture of contempt. "And then," proceeded Lady Tilney, "there is the Duke of Mercington, Lord Raynham, Lord Tonnerre, Lesly Winyard, and Frank Ombre,—Spencer Newcombe, and we must not forget Lord Glenmore; though I wish he were more decided in his political creed. Besides, we cannot omit Lord Albert d'Esterre, whom we must have on probation, for he is young and only just returned from the Continent: but they say he is very clever, and I think he may in time become one of us. But, ere we decide further on the gentlemen, we must consult Prince Lattermanne."

"Ah! bon chere ladi" (with a nod of approval). "Quite so," added Lady Ellersby, languidly; "for, though he is called good-humoured, he can be as cross as is necessary. I never saw any body *walk over people* better than he does."

Lady Tilney, who had been for the last minute or two busily employed with her pen setting down the names which she had just mentioned, interrupted Lady Ellersby, saying, "By-the-by, there is one rule very necessary to be observed, which I am sure we shall all agree in; that is, to admit no unmarried ladies, unless something very particular indeed should make us waive our resolve.—When I say this, I do not, of course, mean to *balls*; but I mean to those coteries which will in fact constitute the elite of our society. And then I propose that we none of us go to the old-established dullifications; but, on their nights, each one of us must in turn take care to choose that same evening for our coteries."

"Dat vill do very well for de Lady Borrowdale, and de Lady Aveling, and dat old Marchioness—vat you call her—Feuille morte; but La Duchesse d'Hermanton, vat vill you do vid her? it is not so easy to *take dat lionne par la barbe*."

"Oh," rejoined Lady Tilney, for this was a name she feared to offend, "the Dutchess is not one of us, it is true; but we need only walk once a year through her apartments; and we can bear that—besides, she is a sort of person" (apart)—and Lady Tilney broke off abruptly from a subject in itself always disagreeable to her.

"And now," she went on to say, "having formed the outline of our plan, we have only to follow it up, and I am sure it will be successful. I wonder Prince Lattermanne and Lady Tenderden are not come, for I wrote to them both; and I should have liked that we talked the matter over altogether. However, I cannot doubt but they will agree with us in our arrangements, and if you, dear Comtesse, and you, Lady Ellersby, will see Princesse de la Grange and Mrs. Kirchoffer, and Lady Baskerville, I will take care to speak to the other parties. Of course I shall see Prince Lattermanne some time or other this day, and Lady Tenderden, for they must have received my notes; and I will settle with him about our gentlemen." Then addressing the Comtesse, she added, "I need not, I am sure, remind you, who are so discreet, that the success of every thing which is to produce eclat depends upon the secret combination of the movements; and therefore, in speaking to the different parties, pray impress on their minds the absolute necessity of privacy, and not to let our designs be known beforehand by a premature publication of them, but rather let them be developed by their effect; and when their existence will have been confirmed beyond the possibility of counteraction."

"Assurement laissez moi faire."—And here Lady Ellersby, looking at her watch, started from her chair, saying, "Dear me! I had no notion it was so late. I had an appointment with my Lord, and it is past the time. Bless me! what shall I shall do?" Then making her adieu, with more vivacity than was her custom, she departed in greater haste than she was ever known to do before.

"Who *is her Milord* dat now?" asked Comtesse Leinsengen.

"Oh, fie! malicious," replied Lady Tilney.

"Is it again that little consequential personage who looks like a perdrix mate aux truffes? I fancy I saw something like a recherche getting up between them de oder night at Lady De Chere's."

"Now really, my dear Comtesse, I must defend my friend. People are always so ill-natured—one must have some cavalier, you know, to walk about with in public—and scandal always ascribes evil where none exists. No, no; Lady Ellersby has too charming a husband for this to gain credit for a moment." The Comtesse's usual shrug implied comme vous voulez, and she added, "it is truly extraordinary how any body can call dat ladi handsome, vid her drawn mouth and peevish expression!"

"Surely she has a sweet smile?"—"When it is not a bitter one," rejoined the Comtesse; but what *satisfies?* she does very well for what she is good for. Now I must go, and you must be de active agent in settling our Lady Parliament; as for me, I will have a sinecure post."

"You are quite delightful, Comtesse, and ought to have every thing your own way; so good-bye, if you *must* go. I will remember to see Prince Lattermanne; I will not let the matter rest—adieu," and they kissed each other's cheeks on both sides, "adieu!"—"You will not let de matter rest—no, I am sure you will not—nor any oder ting or person," thought the Comtesse, as she glided out of the room. "How frightfully red her nose is become," observed Lady Tilney, soliloquizing, as she looked at her own smooth cream-coloured skin in the glass.

Living Skeleton. The Canadian Giant, The Siamese Boys and The Bones of the Behemoth, have had their day. By each and all of them, we have been humbugged out of our money, and they have severally been removed from our city, and passed into oblivion. Of course, it was high time that we had something else to set us gaping,—to keep the speculations of quidnuncs agoing, and afford the editors of newspapers materials for fresh paragraphs and stale puns. Accordingly, in the very nick of time, when we were all asserting that there could possibly be nothing in nature more wonderful than what we had already seen, who should make his appearance to give us the lie direct, but a moving and breathing *skeleton*,—no "ghost come from the *grave*," but a jolly bundle of bones, clad, it is true, in a coat of tough and very yellow skin, but with no more flesh upon him, than a pair of tongs can boast.

The Living Skeleton, as he is called, is a snug little frame-work of bones, sinews and muscles, with a few veins, and a tight-fitting coat of parchment,—presenting an appearance not unlike that of Death in the Primmer, and bearing a family resemblance to the pictures of Giles Scruggins's apparition, or Johnston's gentleman with green-glasses. He eats, sleeps and talks,—is apparently strong and active, and boasts that, if the bones of his feet were not absolutely pushing their way out of the covering which invests them, he could turn a summerset, leap over a five-barred fence, and throw any man in Boston at the back hug.—He is a Vermonter,—was a soldier in our last war with Great Britain,—escaped unharmed in several battles, because there was nothing of him to shoot at,—never received even a flesh-wound, from the most obvious reason in the world,—that he had no flesh on which a ball could take effect,—and is now rattling about the country, to procure subsistence for his wife and children. He is 42 years of age and weighs 60 pounds avoirdupoise.

Comer's Benefit. Mr. Comer, of the Tremont Theatre, announces his intention of taking a Benefit, *this evening*. He deserves an overflowing house. Among the attractions offered in the bill, is a glee, to be sung by the *four children* of Mr. Mills, who were brought into the world at a single birth, and have now reached the age of seven or eight years.

Bad Habits. Next to the poets, we believe the most abominable people to talk to are the lawyers. It seems as if they were in such a hurry to begin their own speechifying, that they could not hear any one else's tongue going. You go to consult one of these gentry about collecting a bill due from some customer to your shop with a very treacherous recollection, or some subscriber to your paper, with no recollection at all,—and you no sooner mention the word bill, than away goes the fellow at a tangent;—and "by the by," says he, "what you are now telling me, reminds me of an odd occurrence on the Worcester Circuit some years ago. I remember my friend the Solicitor General was cross examining a witness,"—and so he goes on for half an hour with a long cock-and-bull story, though what it is all about, or what either it, or the Worcester Circuit, the Solicitor General, or the witness he was cross examining, has to do with the case in hand you cannot for the soul of you conceive.

Some people in introducing a subject to you, set out full sail and with a strong current, in some such fashion as this: "It was the oddest thing, as I was observing to my friend Snooks, yesterday on 'Change, that whilst all this occurred I never chanced to turn round; for you see it was nearly one o'clock, and I had been talking to him more than an hour, though I knew he had a note to pay in the bank and hadn't got the money, and I had promised to go home to an early dinner, so as to carry Mrs. Babbletale to ride a few miles out of town, and had engaged to stop at Ashton's and buy her a new tortoise shell comb, to replace one that the baby—mischievous little monkey,—pulled out of her hair, last Tuesday,—Tuesday?—no—last Monday.—It must have been Monday, because we always wash on Monday, and Mrs. Babbletale had just taken her cap off to be washed—and I distinctly remember, because I know I joked her about the cap, and made a pun on the occasion, which I forget now, but which she laughed at excessively, and said I deserved capital punishment for being so witty before breakfast, and so, as I was saying, I had been talking to Snooks more than an hour, with my finger twirled round one of his buttons, and I didn't turn round, as I mentioned, or else I think I should have discovered the droll trick I am just a going to tell you, for you see, Snooks's note,"——and thus he rattles on like a mill-wheel, till you break away in absolute despair of ever arriving at the end of his story.

Our friend of the Providence Patriot has given us a good idea of some other bad habits in conversation,—as will appear in the following extract from his paper of last week.

There are several vices, in common conversation, of which we have become extremely weary. The following conversation which passed between the good dame Lovetalk and her son Solomon, will more specifically explain our meaning. We cannot listen with any patience to a formal annunciation of things sufficiently obvious in their own nature.

Sol. Mother, it thunders!
Mo. You don't say so!
Sol. It does!
Mo. So it does! Well, I declare, who'd 'a thought it?

In this case, the first reply of the mother, she gives her son the lie direct—and that, too, in the face and eyes of all her senses. It does not appear that she designs to doubt his word, but adopts this method to convince him that she is attentive. The method is very objectionable.

Sol. Mother, it rains!
Mo. Does it my son?
Sol. Yessum.

What a fool this son suffers to be made of himself. His mother's reply as plainly denies his veracity as if she said at once, you lie. And yet he passes it off with a quiet "yessum," and it is forgotten

Another fault in many people is the enunciation of a sound, requesting the repetition of remarks addressed to them. This sound is not legitimate English, but resembles as much as any thing the guttural ruminations of those animals which rank among the antipathies of the Jews. As far as letters will convey an idea of its sound it may be gathered from *hug*. The following conversation transpired between a person addicted to this habit, and one who had undertaken to quiz him out of it.

Quiz. Good morning, Mr. Pop.
Pop. Good morning, Mr Quiz—good morning.
Quiz. I say, Mr. Pop, have you heard that the late President was seen riding hareback the other day, through the streets of Washington?
Pop. Hag?
Quiz. I say, have you heard of the law that has been passed, compelling non residents to have their washing done?
Pop. Hag? Ye-yes!—Oh yes. What did you say?
Quiz. Mr. Pop, are you deaf?
Pop. Hag? No.
Quiz. Well, then why do you not attend when a person addresses a remark to you?
Pop. Hag? Oh—I do—I hear you.
Quiz. Why do you always require a person to repeat his remarks?
Pop. Hag? I don't do I?
Quiz. To be sure! Who called you then?
Pop. Hag?
Quiz. (*Louder.*) How hold you are!
Pop. If I bawled like you do, you might say so, sure enough.
Quiz. Well done, Pop! I owe you one! You shall dine with me.
Pop. Hag? Oh, I didn't mean so. I heard you. It is a provoking habit, isn't it? Upon my word I never tho't of it. I couldn't think what made you show me up. But I'll reform, 'pon honor.

Mr. Pop, who is with this exception, a very fine man; and owns his hundreds of thousands, is thus restored to the good graces of his friends, and becomes, instead of an incorrigible hare, a pleasant and sociable companion.

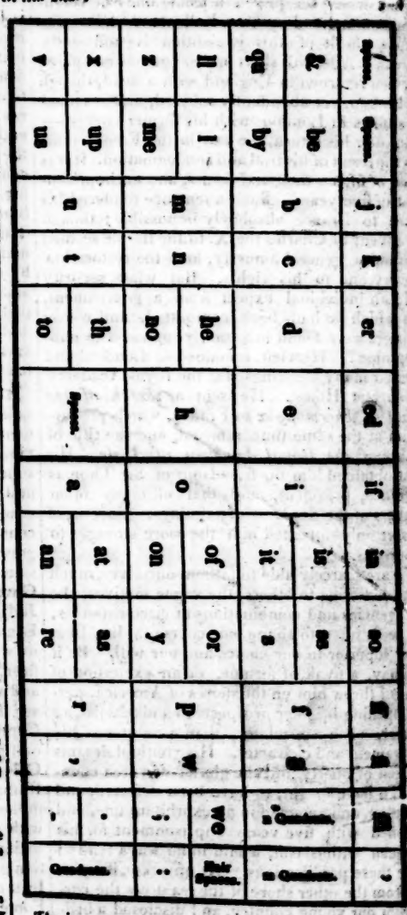
There is a great deal of this unmeaning conversation in the most refined circles of society; we mean the common small talk, one degree removed from the astonishing patois between dame Lovetalk and her insane daughter. The trite remarks upon the weather, such as "A fine day, to-day," or, "Quite a rain, this morning," applied to the same family, with the explications of Lovetalk, and did they not often lead into conversation of a more edifying nature, might be with the same reason lightly spoken of. But where a person has any depth of mind, it is often, and perhaps always concealed, under the form of "small talk," and is only to be reached through such a channel—so true it is that in every department of nature, the dross is mingled with the gold.

Hats. A common theatrical annoyance may be abated by a general promulgation of the fact that all vulgar men delight in wearing their hats. A gentleman takes the first opportunity of uncovering his head; a vulgarian seizes the first pretext for covering it, and never unhats till rule strictly compels him so to do. In the theatre, at the end of the act, the instant the curtain begins to descend, observe the eager alacrity with which people clap their hats on their heads, and the reluctance that marks their removal on the recommencement of the performance, in spite of the loud and repeated cry, "hats off! hats off!" In the boxes, the ill-bred persons are distinguishable by sitting on the front seats with their hats on, greatly to their own content, and as much to the obstruction of the view of those behind them.

We merely note the circumstances of the Quaker like affectation of ill-bred heads, without at all attempting to explain its causes. It is an inexplicable secret, and must class among the grand mysteries, together with the unanswered and unanswerable query, "Why do old Vermonters wear pig-tails?" All we know is that there is an affinity between vulgarity and covered heads. Indeed when men desire to relax the observances of politeness, they may be observed to prepare for liberation from the customary restraints, by hoaxing themselves. Thus the members of our House of Representatives wear their hats, and nobody ever suspected *them* of extraordinary civility. Were it not for the batting, they would not have the heart to shuffle, and cough, and scrape each other down, with less manners than so many Irish ditchers.

Printing. Mr. Lemuel Blake, of this city, has obtained a patent for what he calls an improvement in the casting of types, and the arrangement of the printer's cases,—by which he supposes that twenty per cent. of the usual labor of composition may be saved. Now we are not very deeply versed in the typographic art, but we are rather of opinion that Mr. Blake's invention, however much ingenuity it may display, will be regarded by many persons as much more beautiful in theory than in practice. Its general features are not unlike those of Mr. U. C. Burnap's new alphabet, which allows a man to spell physician with an F, and Congress with a K, and in short, to take a cross cut over the field of literature, unmindful of any orthographical stump or ditch in the way.

At the request of Mr. Blake we give an insertion to the following representation of the divisions of his case.



The improvement consists in the uniting of two Letters on one body, the two letters, with few exceptions, forming a word in the English Language, as well as being component parts of an immense number of other words.

The original plan was more extensive, embracing words and syllables of three letters, but after long investigation, the inventor is satisfied that the present plan, by which he has introduced twenty seven new types, is carried precisely to the point of utility, without enlarging the size of the present cases. The above plan of the case, is on a scale of three sixteenths of an inch to an inch.

Great care has been taken to introduce the new types into the case in such a manner as not to alter the arrangement of the letters in the old case, but to place the new types beside or around the initial letters, so that the compositor must go to the usual box for the first letter, along side of which he will find the united letters. It is calculated that there will be a saving of about twenty per cent. in the composition, and a much less liability of typographical errors.

The Boston Type and Stereotype Foundry are casting a new Fount of Brevier with the improved types, for which they are ready to receive orders.

"Case never lay over." There is a story told of a member of the Suffolk bar, which we do not remember to have seen in print. His client being absent from the Court when his case was called up for a final disposition, the Counsel urged a continuance of it until the next succeeding term. The Judge refused his assent to the request—stating

that the case had already been continued from term to term till the patience of the Court was exhausted. "But, may it please your honor," said the Counsellor, "my client is now unfortunately ——" "Well, well, sir," was the reply, "case must take the regular course then,—must take the regular course." "When will the Court sit again, may it please your honor?" "The Court isn't a *hen*, sir—the Court don't *set*, sir,—the Court isn't a *hen*." Here a laugh went round the room at the expense of the unfortunate gentleman,—who, however, soon recovered his self-possession, and renewed his motion for a continuance. "Can't do it, sir—can't do it,"—said his Honor—"case *must* lay over, sir—case *must* lay over, sir!" "I beg your honor's pardon," interrupted the limb of the law, "but I believe the case isn't a *hen*, your honor; the case can't *lay*—case isn't a *hen*!" The counsellor gained his point.

Ex-Sheriff Parkins. The following anecdote of the gentleman who figured at New-York last summer in the affair of Stephenson, the London Bankrupt, is new to us,—though some of our readers may have seen it before. It reaches us through the columns of the Bengal Hurkaru.

When Mr. Ex-Sheriff came to New York, he went as the bearer of certain Gentlemen, with whom he had formerly some acquaintance. The Gentleman was not at home; he addressed himself to the lady, and asked permission to send his baggage there for two nights. This was politely assented to. Well, night succeeded night, and week succeeded week, and month succeeded month, till three months had passed, and still the Sheriff remained. In the meantime the Irish Gentleman, when he went on 'Change, was regularly quizzed by his brother merchants—'Well, how is the Sheriff?' 'The Sheriff with you yet, Sir?' 'A *pleasant* companion the Sheriff, Sir.' 'When is the Sheriff going to leave, Sir?' 'Can't tell, Sir.' 'Why don't you ask him?' The poor Irishman—bored thus all round—'Sir,' said he, 'the hospitality of my *countherry* does not allow me to ask that question till our guest has been with us a year and a day; and then we inquire if we are to have the *pleasure* of his company for a year longer.'

For the Galaxy and Mercury.

"THE HURON'S LEAP."

No more the Native Red-man treads the dell,
Where once arose his lovely sylvan bower,
No more is heard his war-whoop's horrid yell,
Startling the trembling with at midnight hour;
For o'er his fathers' grave the pale race tread,
While in the Western wilds he lays his head.

It was late in the afternoon of a beautiful day in autumn, when a solitary savage, dressed in the costume of the Hurons, was seen descending the rugged side of the mountain, towards the level bank of the Hudson—and—continued on his course through the dense forest that shirted its base, nought was heard save the rustling of the withered leaves as they were hurled in eddies on the bosom of the whistling blast, and the hollow tap of the grey squirrel from the highest branch of some majestic chestnut, while the awful stillness which overspread the woods told in nature's powerful language the departure of her loveliness, until the chilling blast of winter should be succeeded by the balmy breath of spring. At length the Huron reached the brink of a lofty precipice, whose base forced the bank of the river, and while he stood gazing with wishful looks upon the clearings of the adventurous white men, he heard a heavy tread upon the leaves in his rear, and turning instantly round looked long in the direction from whence it proceeded; but nothing met his scrutinizing glance save the thick branches of the forest trees At length, however, an arrow whizzed over his head, and striking a projection of the cliff beyond him rebounded harmless at his feet.—The Huron started slowly from his musing posture, tightened his wampum belt, and loosed the deer skin thong which bound his trusty bow to his back, then picking up the arrow and placing it in the groove of his bow, he glided behind a jutting rock and lay in wait for the skulker. After continuing in this position for some time, and not hearing any further signals of his foe, he ventured to raise his head from his shelter and reconnoitre the place where he first stood, when to his astonishment he beheld the fiery eye-balls and dark paint of a Mohegan within two feet of him on the other side of the rock, following his example: but the moment their eyes met, they uttered a low guttural sound and retreated—to their covers. Half an hour past on in this manner, the sun was freely sinking behind the western hills, tinging the withered leaves of the forest with its golden light, when the Huron perceived the naked breast of the Mohegan through a narrow cleft in the rock, and immediately shot an arrow which entered deep within the chieftain's breast. "The Huron is a dog," cried the Mohegan, as he rolled from his covert in the agonies of death. The Huron smiled grimly, then hicking the apparently lifeless carcase, he said "'tis thus the Huron rewards his enemies." The Mohegan opened his eyes and slowly raised himself upon his knee, then lifting his bloody hand he poured forth a deadly curse and pitched headlong down the deep abyss, startling the Eagle from her midway nest, who rising on her broad pinions, uttered a piercing scream and was soon lost amid the fleecy clouds that were scattered over the broad canopy of heaven. The Huron startled with surprise at his adversary's cunning and said "'Twas a dog's deed. It is the way of a sneaking Mohegan. Friend of the pale face tribe, where are their strong arms now? Can the wise doctor pull out the barbed arrow from your breast and say to the Huron's mark he then healed?" "No, but they can punish the murderer of their friend in a like manner, which a'nt far from reason, you Moody cat of the mountain," cried a weather beaten hunter (who entered the open land followed by a party of armed whites)—as he raised his glittering rifle to his eye.

The Huron heard the strange speech of the pale face—he saw he was surrounded on all sides except that next to the precipice, and uttering a shrill yell began to descend it, but before he had reached its midway height, the hunter fired. The Huron sunk slowly upon his feet, his hands relaxed their grasp, and turning his head, he pitched down the deep descent—but the manner in which he fell did not satisfy the hunter, who gave orders for his party to scatter while he watched from a screened situation, the dead body as it lay upon the leaves at the foot of the precipice. As he expected, the savage after waiting a short time rose upon his feet, and casting a hasty glance towards the cliff, bounded into the forest like a startled deer.——The Hunter who had reloaded his rifle, however, caught another glimpse of his tall form amid the yellow foliage and fired; a deadly yell followed the report: and when the whites had reached the spot where he was seen, a lifeless carcase was all that remained of the Leaping Huron.

The whites then took the bodies of the chiefs and returned to their settlement; from whence the Mohegan's remains were carried on the following day by his tribe to rest amid the graves of his fathers', while the Huron's body was suffered to blacken beneath the roots of an aged oak, that had been torn up by the winds near the precipice where he descended.

Six months rolled away, the snow had long left the sombre bosom of the earth, and the love making cuckoo was heard pouring forth his tender notes from the budding forest, when a council of chiefs from the various tribes of Indians who inhabited the wide tract of country which extends from the Atlantic to the Hudson, instigated by the artful Sachem of Mount Hope assembled at the foot of this precipice for the purpose of forming a plan to destroy the whole race of whites who had stolen like foxes into the very bosom of their haunts.

The Huron tribe and the Mohegan met there like brothers, and the first hours of the talk went well, but at length however a young chief of the Hurons who had been hunting the moose entered the circle and seated himself with an air that betokened he had something of importance to communicate. The whole body immediately became silent, the pipe of the Narraganset was passed to him, and he smoked, the Huron next and he did likewise, but when that of the Mohegan was handed him he dashed it upon the ground and crushed it beneath his moccasins, then rising and slowly opening his blanket he displayed the bow, the scalping tuft and the tomahawk of the Red Huron. The Mohegans' started from their seats with astonishment; the Hurons' laid their hands upon their knives and with frowning brows silently awaited the young man's explanation. "Sons of the Red Huron," said he, "the blood of the eagle chief has been shed and his body left to moulder like the carcass of a dog upon the hunting grounds of the Mohegans. Why have not our neighbors who have so lately professed to be our friends, delivered up the body of our chief that we might lay his murder—[illegible] in the high place of his fathers'. Were the paths to our wigwams shut? or were their eyes blinded by the glare of his kinsmans' scalping knives?—Listen, Hurons,—the blood of the "towering eagle" cries for revenge. I see his spirit now beckoning me from the wide hunting grounds of Paradise and methinks I hear it say, my son the Mohegan has done the deed. Let the vengeance of the sons of my people fall upon him." The Hurons received the speech with a horrid yell and joined by those tribes which were friendly to them fell upon the Mohegans and their allies.—The strife continued long and many a brave warrior's spirit ascended to its home on high without having sung its death song before the sun went down to his rest behind the hills.—Then the spectator might have perceived a single file of Huron warriors soiled with the blood of their enemies marching along the base of the precipice towards their western home—the only remnant of the vast body which assembled on the morn of that sad day beneath the Huron's Leap.—And oft as the wandering red skin in after year passed by the fatal spot he would stop and gaze with wonder upon the lofty crag from whence the [illegible] Huron took his leap.

J. D. D.

ITEMS.

Important Legal Decision. The Supreme Court of the United States have, at their present term, settled an important and hitherto embarrassing question, in the case of Samuel D. Harris, Marshal of Massachusetts, plaintiff in error, v. James Dennis, Deputy Sheriff of the county of Suffolk. It was a writ of error from the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, and the question was respecting the validity of attachments under the State laws of goods imported *before entry*, and while in the custody of the custom house officers under the lien of the United States for the duties. The cause was argued by the District Attorney for Massachusetts and the Attorney General of the United States for the Marshal, and by Mr. Webster for the defendant in error; and the Supreme Court of the United States have reversed the judgment of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, upon the grounds stated in the following letter from the Reporter:—

City of Washington, Feb. 22, 1830:
Chamber of the S. C. U. States.

Andrew Dunlap, Esq. Boston:—

Dear Sir—The Court this day decided the case of *Harris v. Dennis*, reversing the judgment of the State Court, and ordering a mandate "to that Court, with directions to enter judgment upon the special verdict in favor of the original defendant." The opinion was delivered by the C. J., Mr. Justice Story having prepared it.

The principle upon which the decision is given, is, that property or merchandise arriving in the U. S., subject to duty, and the duties imposed are legally and *exclusively* in the possession of the U. S.—that the duties must be paid before the claims of any others can attach; that if the importer is *indebted* for other duties, he cannot secure the duties; and no other person but the importer is permitted to *secure* them. Such being the rights, and such the "*lien*" of the United States, the Court say "any attachment by a State officer is an interference with such lien and right of custody, and, being repugnant to the laws of the United States is void."

I am, Sir, yours very respectfully,
RICHARD PETERS, Reporter.

Mortgage Bill. In the Senate, on Friday last, an animated and interesting debate was had upon a Bill in relation to Mortgages of personal property. The provisions of the proposed Bill were, "That no mortgage or other conditional transfer of personal property hereafter made, shall be held valid as against any other persons than the parties thereto, unless such property be actually delivered to the mortgagee, or shall have effect any longer than he shall retain possession thereof, unless the said mortgage or conditional transfer be recorded in the office of the town clerk of the town where the person making the same shall reside." The bill was advocated by Messrs. Fowler, Lincoln, Thorndike, Hastings, Dewey, Walker and Mixter, and opposed by Messrs. Burnell, Varnum, McKay, Choate and Merrill. The question was taken by yeas and nays on a motion to strike out the first section, being the provisions before stated. This motion prevailed by a vote of 16 to 14, and so the bill was lost.—*Traveller.*

In a Pickle! A petition for divorce was lately presented to the Pennsylvania Legislature from a young man of 22, setting forth that, eight years ago, he was induced to marry a black woman, considerably his senior, and possessing property; that she had broken her marriage vows and misbehaved in various modes; and calling on the Legislature to dissolve their unnatural and not to be endured union. The Legislature have not yet disposed of the petition.—*Phil.*

Safety Barges. The beautiful and costly barges, the Lady Van Rensselaer and Lady Clinton, which outrivalled in splendor and accommodations, any steam boat on the Hudson, are offered for sale, to be used as tow boats in the transportation of goods. The Lady Van Rensselaer is 116 feet on deck, 26 feet keel, 23 feet beam, and 8 feet hold, will carry 250 tons of freight, and comfortably accommodate 100 passengers. The Lady Clinton is not quite so large.—*Ibid.*

Large Cow. There is an extraordinary large cow exhibiting in Philadelphia, which was raised in Burlington county, (N. J.) She is seven years old, and weighs two thousand six hundred pounds.

It is said that brooms to the value of $20,000 are annually manufactured and sold in Morris County, N. J.

George Milton and William Williams, confined in the Savannah jail, for the abduction of Rowland Stephenson, have been recommended to the clemency of Gov. Gilmer, by the City Council of that city. They are both married men, with families dependent upon their sole exertions for their support.

Fair offer. A French barber, in New York, had the address to win the affections and the hand of a young lady, whose parents thought the family dishonored by the match "'Tis true," said the Frenchman, "I have marry your daughter, and if you not like de match, you can take her back again."

Bishop sleeves. Yesterday two of our highly respectable but facetious ladies, in the lobby of the Senate, being apparently much annoyed by the remarks of a gentleman, (who had been honored with a seat between them) respecting their fashionable dresses, actually joined their "*bishop sleeves*" and well nigh suffocated him.—*Washington Chronicle.*

The citizens of Baltimore have lately amused their selves with a rag ball. 1000 tickets were issued and sold at $1 each.

The Fancy. Yesterday two ragamuffin colored "gentlemen of the ring" amused themselves and the admirers of the fistic art by a scientific prize fight, on the Collect; a regular set to for 50 cents a side, the stakes raised by the friends and trainers, of the respective parties.

Before they had got beyond the 30th round the match was most unceremoniously put an end to by some citizens who were passing that way, the principals, seconds, and stake holder, (a white man,) were lodged in quod, or has scientifically speaking, in Bridewell.—*N. Y. Courier.*

A TRUE STORY.

Of all our pains, since man was cursed,
I mean of body, not the mental,
To name the worst, among the worst,
The dental sure is transcendental;
Some bit of masticating bone,
That ought to help to clear a shelf,
But let its proper work alone,
And only seems to gnaw itself,
In fact, of any grave attack
On victual there is little danger,
'Tis so like coming to the *rack*,
As well as going to the manger.

Old Hunks—it seem'd a fit retort
Of justice on his gr'ning ways—
Possess'd a grinder of the sort,
That troubled all his latter days.
The best of friends fall out, and so
His teeth had done some years ago,
Save some old stumps with ragged root,
And they took turn a'rout to shoot;
If he drank any chilly liquor,
They made it quite a point to throb;
But if he warm'd it on the hob,
Why then they only twitch'd the quicker.

One tooth—I wonder such a tooth
Had never kill'd him in his youth—
One tooth he had with many fangs,
That shot at once as many pangs,
It had an universal sting;
One touch of that ecstatic stump
Could jerk his limbs, and make him jump,
Just like a puppet on a string;
And what was worse than all, it had
A way of making others bad.
There is, as many know, a hack,
With certain farming undertakers,
And this same tooth pursued their track,
By adding *achers* still to *achers*.

One way there is, that has been judg'd
A certain cure, but Hunks was loth
To pay the fee, and quite begrudg'd
To lose his tooth and money both;
In fact, a dentist and the wheel
Of Fortune, are a kindred cast,
For after all is drawn, you feel
So losing for a blank at last;
And kept [illegible] from week to week,
Oh! how it [illegible] in his cheek;
With that perpetual gall[illegible] rocking,
His moans and groans were [illegible] new,
And loud,—altho' he held his jaw,
Many a tug he gave his gum,
And tooth, but still it would not come,
Tho' tied by string, to some firm thing,
He could not draw it, do his best,
By draw'rs,—altho' he tried a chest.

At last, but after much debating,
He joined a score of mouths in waiting,
Little thinking to have their troubles [illegible]
Sad sight it was to look about
At twenty faces making faces,
With many a rampant trick and antic,
For all were very horrid cases,
And made their owners nearly frantic.
A little wicket now and then
Took one of these unhappy men,
And out again the victim rush'd,
While eyes and mouth together gush'd;
At last arrived our hero's turn,
Who plunged his hands in both his pockets,
And down he sat, prepar'd to learn
How teeth are charm'd to quit their sockets.

Those who have felt such operations,
Alone can guess the sort of ache,
When his old tooth began to break
The thread of old associations;
It touch'd a string in every part,
It had so many tender ties;
One chord seem'd wrenching at his heart,
And two were tugging at his eyes;
"Bone of his bone," he felt of course,
As husbands do in such divorce;
At last the fangs gave way a little,
Hunks gave his head a backward jerk,
And, lo! the cause of all this work,
Went—where it used to send his victual!

The monstrous pain of this proceeding
Had not so numbed his miser wit,
But in this slip he saw a hit
To save, at least, his purse from bleeding;
So when the dentist sought his fees,
Quoth Hunks, "Let's finish, if you please."
"How, finish! why its out!"—"Oh! no—
'Tis you are out, to argue so;
I'm none of your before-hand tippers,
My tooth is in my head no doubt,
But as you say you pull'd it out,
Of course it's there—between your nippers."
"Zounds! sir, d'ye think I'd sell the truth
To get a fee?—no, wretch, I scorn it."
But Hunks still ask'd to see the tooth,
And swore, by gum! he had not drawn it.

His end obtain'd, he took his leave,
A secret chuckle in his sleeve;
The joke was worthy to produce one,
To think, by favor of his wit,
How well a dentist had been bit
By one old stump, and that a loose one!
The thing was worth a laugh, but mirth
Is still the fruitest thing on earth;
Alas! how often when a joke
Seems in our sleeve, and safe enough,
There comes some unexpected stroke,
And hangs a weeper on the cuff!

Hunks had not whistled half a mile,
When, planted right against a stile,
There stood his foeman, Mike Mahoney,
A vagrant reaper, Irish-born,
That help'd to reap our miser's corn,
But had not help'd to reap his money,
A fact that Hunks remembered quickly;
His whistle all at once was quell'd,
And when he saw how Michael held
His sickle, he felt rather sickly.

Nine cents in ten, with half his fright,
Would soon have paid the bill at sight,
But sixers (let sixteen cents be)
Will never part with Irish delight
Till well demanded by a hatchet—
They live hard—and they die to match it.
Thus Hunks prepar'd for Mike's attacking,
Resolv'd not yet to pay the debt,
But let him take it out in hacking;
However, Mike began to stickle
In words before he used the sickle;
But mercy was not long attendant:
From words at last he took to blows,
And aim'd a cut at Hunk's nose;
That made it what some folks are not—
A member very independent.

Heaven knows how far this cruel trick
Might still have led, but for a tramper
That came in danger's very nick,
To put Mahoney to the scamper.
But still compassion met a damper;
There lay the sever'd nose, alas!
Beside the daisies on the grass,
"Wee, crimson-tipt" as well as they,
According to the poet's lay;
And there stood Hunks, no sight for laughter!
Away ran Hodge to get assistance,
With nose in hand, which Hunks ran after,
But somewhat at unusual distance.

In many a little country place
It is a very common case
To have but one residing doctor,
Whose practise rather seems to be
No practice, but a rule of three,
Physician—surgeon—drug-decoctor;
Thus Hunks was forc'd to go once more
Where he had ta'en his tooth before.
His mere name made the learned man hot,—
"What! Hunks again within my door!
I'll pull his nose;" quoth Hunks, "you cannot."

The doctor look'd and saw the case
Plain as the nose *not* on his face.
"O! hum—ha—yes—I understand."
But then arose a long demur,
For not a finger would he stir
Till he was paid his fee in hand;
That matter settled, there they were,
With Hunks well strapp'd upon his chair.

The opening of a surgeon's job—
His tools, a chestfull or a drawfull—
Are always something very awful,
And give the heart the strangest throb;
But never patient in his funks
Look'd half so like a ghost as Hunks,
Or surgeon half so like a devil
Prepar'd for some infernal revel:
His huge black eye kept rolling, rolling,
Just like a bolus in a box:
His fury seem'd above controlling,
He bellow'd like a hunted ox:
"Now, swindling wretch, I'll show thee how
We treat such cheating knaves as thou;
Oh! sweet is this revenge to sup:
I have thee by the nose—it's now
My turn—and I will turn it up."

Guess how the miser liked the scurvy
And cruel way of venting passion;
[illegible] bobbing folks in this new fashion
He [illegible] to turn him topsy turvy;
For things [illegible] and groans, and curses,
And wrong wh[illegible] amiss
Would be the worst of [illegible] this
In fancy he beheld his [illegible]
Turn'd upward like a pitcher's [illegible]
There was another grievance yet,
And fancy did not fail to show it,
That he must throw a summerset,
Or stand upon his head to blow it.

And was there then no argument
To change the doctor's vile intent,
And move his pity?—yes, in truth,
And that was—paying for the tooth.
"Zounds! pay for such a stump! I'd rather—"
But here the menace went no farther,
For with his other ways of pinching,
Hunks had a miser's love of snuff,
A recollection strong enough
To cause a very serious flinching;
In short he paid and had the feature
Replac'd as it was meant by nature;
For tho' by this 'twas cold to handle,
(No corpse's could have felt more horrid,)
And white just like an end of candle,
The doctor deem'd and prov'd it too,
That noses from the nose will do
As well as noses from the forehead;
So fixed by dint of rag and list,
The part was bandag'd up and muffled.
The chair unfasten'd, Hunks arose,
And shuffled out, for once unshuffled;
And as he went, these words he snuffled—
"Well, this *is* 'paying thro' the nose.'"

Masonic Calendar.

COMMUNICATIONS NEXT WEEK.

Monitor,	Waltham,	Monday
Aurora,	Leominster,	"
St Peters,	Newburyport,	"
Liberty,	Beverly,	"
Rural,	Quincy,	"
Mount Vernon,	Rehoboth,	"
Columbian,	Concord,	"
Middlesex,	Framingham,	Tuesday.
Union,	Dorchester,	"
Cocasset,	Medford,	"
Good Samaritan,	Reading,	"
Jerusalem,	Northampton,	"
Republican,	Gill,	"
Unity,	Ipswich,	"
King Solomon,	Charlestown,	Tuesday.
Bethesda,	Brighton,	"
Portland,	Portland,	Wednesday.
Montgomery,	Medway	Wednesday
St. Andrews	Boston,	Thursday.
Rising Sun,	Nantucket,	Monday.

Marriages.

In this city, Robert Gordon to Frances Current.
In Charlestown, Capt. Benjamin Rice to Mrs. Martha Gay.
In Cambridge, Royal Knight to Mary Ann M. Hunter.
In East Sudbury, Levi Goodenough to Cynthia Rice; Elisha Cook to Almira Rice.
In Salem, Harvey Metcalf, Esq. of Lunenburg, N. H. to Mrs. Lydia P. Brown.
In Gloucester, Capt. Solomon H. Davis to Mary B. daughter of William Sawyer, Jr.
In Dover, Daniel Swain to Mary Curtis.
In Wrentham, Jonathan Tucker, Jr. of Stoughton, to Mary Pickard.
In Edgartown, Uriah Cottle to Abigail Cook.
In Manchester, Peleg Wood to Mary Green; Edward C. Jay to Eliza Wilson.
In Warwick, Otis Brooks, of South Gardner, to Eliabeth Bibby.
In Providence, Joseph C. Fanning to Eliza P. Woodmansee.
In St. Mary's Louisiana, Esq. John Wright, 103, to Catharine Salinger; he appeared healthy and active, and came to the church through a snow storm without a great coat or umbrella.

Deaths.

In this city, Susan, wife of Henry Vendikes, 22.
Thomas E. Wolf, 22; James H. Staples, Jr. 7.
Jerusha, widow of the late Seth Newman, of Watertown, in the 83d year of her age; Thomas O'Hare, 22.
Willis B. Bennett, of Meadon, 20; John Cody, 42.
Miss Eliza Gardner, 44; Miss Ann B. Smith, 24.
Sarah E. Brown, 23 mo.; Charles E. Gibbens, 22.
Mr. Samuel Gilley, in South, 22; Sarah, wife of Theodore Eliot, 32.
James Nichols Sturtevant, Jr. 7. Mary Balcom, 68.
In Charlestown, Mrs. Catharine G. Cole, 32; Judith Gurney, 87.
In Salem, Mrs. Elizabeth Andrews, 81; Sally, wife of William Bitchet, 45; Mary Ann, daughter of Stephen Palmer, 13.
In Beverly, Andrew, son of Mercury Smith, 22; Mrs. Hannah Wallis, 53; Mrs. Lydia Cunnet, 50; Mary, wife of Nathaniel Batchelder, 44.
In Lowell, Ephraim Huntington, formerly of Amesbury, 82.
In Hilliston, Olive, daughter of William Hagins, 10.
In Sterbourne, widow Percis Adams, 69
In Pembroke, Richard Jeal, 73, a revolutionary pensioner.
In Tompkinton, Mrs. Susannah Conger, 67.
In Winslow, Mrs. Susan Whitman, daughter of the late Nathaniel H. Dingley.
In Edgartown, Elizabeth, widow of Cornelius Merchant, 83; Polly, widow of Andrew Norton, late of Bath, Me. 73.
In Providence, Caroline, daughter of W. R. Greene, Esq. aged 6 mon. and 6 days
In Newport, Benjamin Brenton, 80; Ann T. wife of Samuel W. Vinson, 38.
At St. Augustine, E. F. on the 8th ult. James, youngest son of the Hon. James Shaw, of Portsmouth, N. H. aged 21. His remains were extended on the following day.
On board brig Trent, off Sandy Hook, 19th inst. John Thompson, seaman, killed by falling from mast-head.

SALES AT AUCTION.

On SATURDAY, (To-morrow,) at 1-2 past 9 o'clock
At Dorr & Allen's Auction Room, corner of Milk and Congress-streets.

A variety of Furniture—consisting of flag bottom and common chairs, dining and other tables, bedsteads, bedding, beds, toilet tables and washstands, crockery and glass ware, new carpeting, new blankets all sizes, fire sets, mahogany counting room secretary, fancy chairs, cane backs and seats.

DORR & ALLEN, Auctioneers.

On SATURDAY, (To-morrow) at 11 o'clock,
At Dorr & Allen's Auction Room.

Suffolk, ss. March, 21, 1830.
Taken on a writ, and will be sold as above,

A variety of good Furniture, consisting of side board, dining and card tables, entry lamp, parlor and chamber carpets, stair do, fancy and common chairs, bedsteads, nearly new, with screw cords, excellent feather beds, bedding, washstands and toilet tables, looking glasses, glass and crockery ware, and many other articles useful in housekeeping, all in good order. A variety of kitchen furniture.

By order of James Dennis, Deputy Sheriff.
DORR & ALLEN, Auctioneers.

On SATURDAY, (To-morrow,) at 1 o'clock.
In front of Dorr & Allen's Auction Room.

A Pony, 6 years old, a good saddle horse, kind in any harness and perfectly sound. May be seen at Pike's stables, Hudson Place, Washington street. DORR & ALLEN, Auctioneers.

The Semi-Annual Sale of Cabinet Furniture, Cut Glass Ware, Looking Glasses, Fire Sets, and other articles, will take place
On FRIDAY, the 26th of March,
At Concert Hall, Court street,
Under the direction of the New England Society.
These sales are exempted from the State tax.
☞ Manufacturers and others intending to contribute, will please send in their invoices five days at least previous to the sale.
DORR & ALLEN, Auctioneers.

On SATURDAY, (To-morrow,) at half-past 9 o'clock.
At Cunningham's Auction Room.

A variety of genteel Furniture, new and second hand, among which are, a pair of mahogany Grecian card tables, dining and pembroke do, hair cloth sofas, handsome fancy chairs, carpets, brass fire sets elegant patterns, gilt frame looking glasses, plate, crockery and China ware, mahogany bureaus, French and field bedsteads, feather beds, blankets and counterpanes, toilet tables, wash stands, new windsor chairs, entry lamps, and a variety of kitchen furniture.

At 11 o'clock.

Two elegant and full dinner sets of Canton China, one of which has the arms of the U. S. on every piece
An assortment of Cut Glass Ware, consisting of wines, tumblers, celeries, &c.
A pair of imitation rose wood and gilt Grecian Card Tables—1 set of 12 doz. new fancy Chairs, with cane seats.

J. L. CUNNINGHAM, Auctioneer.

On SATURDAY, (To-morrow,) at 12 o'clock,
At Cunningham's Auction Room.

An elegant Piano Forte, made by Babcock, of six octaves, mahogany case, round corners, inlaid with brass, nearly new, and warranted by the maker. It is of superior tone and finish, and was selected for the present owner, who has left the city, as a first rate instrument. May be seen at the auction room the day before the sale.

J. L. CUNNINGHAM, Auctioneer.

On WEDNESDAY next at 12 o'clock.
—On the Premises—
Unless previously disposed of at private sale.

A three story brick Dwelling House, situate in Portland street, in the city of Boston, having a parlor, five convenient rooms, cellar, kitchen, rain water cistern; yard and land in the rear, capable of great improvement. The said estate yields at present an income of $220 per annum, and such improvement may be made as will nearly double that income. Conditions—to wit: one half of the purchase money to be paid at the delivery of the deed, and the other half payable in 6 years, at 4 per cent. interest, with security for the same. For further particulars, or a view of the premises, apply at No. 117, Court street.

J. L. CUNNINGHAM, Auctioneer.

The next Semi-Annual Sale of Furniture and other Articles of Manufacture, under the direction of the New England Society, will take place On FRIDAY, March 26th,
At Market Hall.
[illegible] who wish to avail of this opportunity to sell Goods [illegible] are invited to send their invoices to the subscriber, [illegible] attention to the sales of any property confided to them [illegible] if required.
[illegible] the State Duty.
J. L. CUNNINGHAM, Auctioneer.

NEW [illegible] Just received and for sale by [illegible] S,—
The Frugal Housewife, dedicated to [illegible] Economy, by the author of Hobomok.
"A fat kitchen maketh a lean will."—Franklin.
"Economy is a poor man's revenue; extravagance a [illegible] ruin."
Second edition, corrected and arranged by the author. To which is added Hints to persons of moderate fortune.
Note to the Second Edition.
The author having received a great many letters requesting the publication of "Hints to persons of moderate fortune," has deemed it proper to annex them to this little work; as both were written from the same motive, viz: an honest and independent wish to be useful.
Letters of Pestalozzi on the Education of Infancy. Addressed to mothers.
A summary view of the evidences of Divine Revelation, [illegible] in the form of a Catechism—designed for the use of Schools [illegible] By a Clergyman of Massachusetts.
National Anthem, a Discourse, pronounced before the Ancient [illegible] Honorable Artillery Company. By Samuel Whitman, [illegible] tion for distribution.
Tales of a Grandfather; being stories taken from Scottish History. Humbly inscribed to Hugh Littlejohn, in 2 vols. Third series.
Spirit of the Annuals for 1830.
First Lessons in Grammar, on the plan of Pestalozzi. By a teacher in Boston.
The Venetian Bracelet; the Lost Friend; a history of the Eyes, and other Poems. By L. E. L. author of the Improvisatrice; the Troubadour, and the Golden Violet. mar 5

THE EXCLUSIVES—A NEW NOVEL, in 2 vols.
"The Exclusives will excite more interest at this very week of a similar kind has done since Tremaine. It is emphatically a fashionable picture of fashionable life at the present day."—*London Court Journal.*
Just received and for sale by RICHARDSON, LORD & HOLBROOK.

SCOTT'S TALES OF A GRANDFATHER being Stories, taken from Scottish History. Humbly inscribed to Hugh Littlejohn, Esq. in 2 vols. Third Series. Just received and for sale by RICHARDSON, LORD & HOLBROOK. feb 23

NATURAL HISTORY OF ENTHUSIASM. Just received for sale by RICHARDSON, LORD & HOLBROOK. feb 23

FOR SALE at the Office of the Galaxy, Select Poems from the Works of C. LENNOX, viz.
THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER,
Extracts from the SIBYLLINE LEAVES, &c. &c. &c.
Also,
The following Poems by BARRY CORNWALL,
viz.
ANELIA WENTWORTH,
JULIAN THE APOSTATE,
A SICILIAN STORY,
THE FALCON,
THE BROKEN HEART, &c. &c. feb 19

BIBLES, &c. Quarto and Octavo Family Bibles of a great variety of qualities and prices. Also, School and Pocket Bibles and Testaments. For sale wholesale and retail by RICHARDSON, LORD & HOLBROOK, 178 Washington street. feb 23

THE HISTORY OF SCOTLAND. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Just received and for sale by RICHARDSON, LORD & HOLBROOK. feb 19

ESSAYS ON AMERICAN SILK, and the best means of rendering it a source of individual and national wealth, with directions to farmers for raising Silk Worms.—By John D'Homergue, Silk manufacturer, and Peter Hagnon Superintendent.
The Gentleman's Letter, or a Pocket Dictionary, containing every word in the English language and exhibiting the plural of nouns and the participles of verbs. By Wm. Grimshaw, author of the Lady's Letters.
Sayer's Political Economy, a new edition.
Just received and for sale by RICHARDSON, LORD, & HOLBROOK. feb 19

MUSEE DES ANTIQUES—CARTER & HENDEE have for sale a superb copy of this magnificent work, in four volumes imperial folio, with outline books and engravings. These volumes are full of fine engraved copies of all the most splendid and ancient monuments which remained in the Louvre, at the time of the entrance of the Allies to Paris; and the importance of their value is every other respect, they possess [illegible] of rare and beautiful typography. feb 19

Miscellaneous.

THE TROUBLESOME NOSE.

Anthony Kokerspurger was born, on the banks of the Hudson, somewhere about the year '45, of parents who were bountifully provided with the most prominent feature of the 'human face divine' —to wit, the nose. For the nasal organ of the father was both broad and high, and that of the mother both long and deep. Of course, their offspring came honestly enough by a nose of no ordinary dimensions.

Yet amply provided as the parents were, the whole magnitude of young Kokerspurger's nose could not be accounted for on the principle of nasal inheritance. And various were the opinions of sundry wise old ladies in regard to the generation of so enormous a nose. Some ascribed it to one thing, and some to another; but without attempting to scan precisely the motives which actuated dame nature in producing such a nose, we must content ourselves with stating the fact.—And we declare positively that Anthony Kokerspurger was born with a nose of the very largest class.

Unluckily for our hero, there was, as there is at this day, a prevailing prejudice against large noses. Every body exclaimed, when seeing him, "*What a nose!*" and his officious nurse took all manner of pains to lessen or prevent the growth of that organ. She pinched it to make it thin; she pressed it down to lower its prominence; and snubbed it to reduce it to what she called a reasonable length.

But however wise the nurse might be in other matters, she certainly missed a figure in relation to Anthony's nose. For the more it was pressed down, pinched up and snubbed, the longer and broader and thicker it grew. And it kept growing and growing, in spite of all efforts to the contrary; and, as the Earl of Chatham said on another subject, seemed to "gather fresh strength from fresh opposition."

But if the nose of Anthony Kokerspurger was annoying to the sight of his nurse, it proved no less so to his own feelings, as he had too frequent occasion to experience. Even in his very infancy, it began to be an exceedingly troublesome nose. For in addition to the pinching and pressing and snubbing, so zealously exercised by his nurse, the good lady, when feeding him with pap, or washing his face, or adjusting his cap, or performing any necessary office in the neighborhood of his face, was sure to be perpetually hitting his nose. The prominence of that organ would allow his lips no chance whatever to draw from the milky stores of his affectionate mother. And in falling, as every child does in attempting to run alone, his nose was certain to meet the floor, before he could put out his hands far enough to prevent so uncomfortable a meeting.

As he grew up his nose was the source of a thousand vexations. When walking in the woods every branch of a tree or shrub was sure to give it a *twig*, and every twig was sure to give it a twinge. When perambulating the open field, every saucy whiff of wind was sure to give it a lee lurch; and when pressing forward, in a crowd, it was always foremost to run itself into difficulty. In hot weather, the blaze of the sun made no bones of roasting it; and in winter the keen northwesters hit it full many a cold and unfeeling stroke. The young ladies, when they saw him, hid their own pretty noses in their handkerchiefs; elephants and grey hounds attacked him out of mere envy; and every body exclaimed, "*What a nose!*"

Anthony's nose, besides being in the way of every thing, was obnoxious to all manner of odorous smells. Being of such a length, master's feet and general capacity for objects from which odors in the nose to turkey buzzard or carrion were at least not a noisome carcass at so great a distance from Anthony Kokerspurger. Indeed, it was the annoyance on this account, that would willingly have given three fourths of his nose—could it have been safely pared down—to have been freed from its enormous smelling capacity.

In addition to the natural difficulties attending such a prodigious nose, poor Anthony was perpetually exposed to insults on its account. It was the subject of general ridicule and opprobrious remark. Every body, that saw him, had something to say on the subject. Or, if politeness, on some occasions imposed silence, still the eyes could not be prevented from looking unutterable things.—Persons, when meeting him, instinctively turned aside their own noses, as much as to say, there is not room for both. And occasionally a wag, with no common sized nose, would take hold of his own organ, and giving it a sudden twist to the right or left, cry out,—"There, Mister, I guess we can pass!" And once in a while, a fellow, not having the fear of so great a nose before his eyes, would actually grapple it with both his hands, and with great pretended effort, endeavor to get it out of the way. The barbers, when shaving him, instead of taking his nose with the left hand, would set a boy to holding it with both hands. If he went to purchase a snuff box, the rascally shopman, jumping over the counter, with yardstick in hand, and suiting the action to the word, would say, "Sir, I'll take your measure, if you please." If he went to a tea-party, the good lady of the house, with most vexatious hospitality, would set a stand before him to rest his nose on; while a half audible whisper went round the room, "*Heavens, what a nose!*" And these things, however mortifying, were not the only evils he suffered, for in attempting to drink tea or wine, his nose was sure to hit on the farther side of the cup or glass, before he could elevate them so far as to lodge their contents in his mouth.

As if these actual vexations and torments were not enough for any one mortal being, various others were currently reported to have happened to Anthony Kokerspurger. It was said and believed at one time, that in stooping to ascend a hill, he had trod on his own nose. At another time it was positively declared and as positively believed, that in reaping he had gathered his nose in a handful of wheat, and being zealously engaged in his labor, had actually sliced off the end of the organ, before he was aware of the mistake. Again it was reported that he had ground off his nose on the grindstone, when attempting to sharpen a scythe. Others again said, that in hoeing a hill of potatoes, he had come within an ace of suffocation by burying up the lower end of his breathing instrument. But these reports were evidently the invention of the malicious wags of the neighborhood, each of them being too absurd for belief, and otherwise easily disproved by the well known fact, that Anthony's nose remained sound and undiminished to the day of his death.

Notwithstanding the enormity of Anthony Kokerspurger's nose, and the exclamations of wonder, that always used to escape from female lips at the sight of it, Anthony got married. Indeed we should like to know what must be the size of a nose, male or female, which should be considered an insuperable bar to matrimony. But to return to our hero—when bidden by the parson to salute the bride, it is averred that after making several vain efforts to get his lips to her cheek, he gave over in despair; and ever after that, it was a settled matter between them, that the kissing part should be dispensed with, at least on his side.

From a nose of such dimensions, it was natural to suppose the breath could not easily depart.—Nevertheless, Anthony Kokerspurger was numbered among the dead, and his nose was cold, pale and insensate as a snow drift. But all it difficulties were not yet over. It had been troublesome in life, and was not to be buried in oblivion when dead. But to give it a decent interment in the earth was but a common act of duty and respect.

But Anthony had not left the most interesting of his mortal concerns to the unguided management of a cold unfeeling world. That the turf might lie lightly on his nose, he had ordered in his will that a sort of roof, or projection, should be made to the coffin immediately over that organ.—He had also directed that the bearers should be selected from among the greatest nosed men in the parish, in order that all due honor might be shown to the most prominent feature of their departed brother.

The narrow house was made with the desired projection; the grave was dug deeper than usual to accommodate it to circumstances; and the large nosed bearers bore Anthony Kokerspurger to his long home according to his desire. In rounding up the grave, the nose was not forgotten, and the turf over that part was raised above the rest, to indicate that a nasal instrument of no common dimensions was deposited below. Above was placed a plain marble slab, with the following inscription:—

HERE LIES A NOSE,
TO WHICH IS ATTACHED
THE BODY
OF
ANTHONY KOKERSPURGER.

—*N. Y. Constellation.*

MARY'S GHOST.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

'Twas in the middle of the night,
To sleep young William tried,
When Mary's Ghost came stealing in,
And stood at his bed-side.

O William dear! O William dear!
My rest eternal ceases;
Alas! my everlasting peace
Is broken into pieces.

I thought the last of all my cares
Would end with my last minute;
But tho' I went to my long home,
I didn't stay long in it,

The body snatchers they have been
And made a mash of me.
It's very hard I say, that I
Won't rest I was buried deep,
Quite decent like and chary,
But from her grave in Mary-bone
They've come and bon'd your Mary.

The arm that used to take your arm
Is took to Dr. Vyse;
And both my legs are gone to walk
The hospital at Guy's.

I vow'd that you should have my hand,
But fate gives us denial;
You'll find it there, at Doctor Bell's,
In spirits and a phial.

As for my feet, the little feet
You used to call so pretty,
There's one I know, in Bedford Row,
The other's in the city.

I can't tell where my head is gone,
But Doctor Carpue can:
As for my trunk, it's all pack'd up
To go by Pickford's van.

I wish you'd go to Mr. P
And save me such a ride;
I don't half like the outside place,
They've took for my inside.

The cock it crows—I must be gone!
My William we must part!
But I'll be your's in death, altho'
Sir Astley has my heart.

Don't go to weep upon my grave,
And think that there I lie;
They haven't left us stom there,
Of my anatomie.

CONNECTICUT DEACON.

Ben Thoughtful was the son of pious parents, if a strict observance of the Sabbath, commencing at sunset on Saturday and lasting till the same time on Sunday, can be considered a criterion of piety. Indeed, so powerful were the scruples of Ben's father, that his cattle were neither fodadered nor watered, nor in the winter turned from their stalls, during an entire revolution of the earth; and we have heard it asserted that their lowing for hay and water during Sunday, was, by the devout old Mr. Thoughtful, regarded as a kind of religious orison, breathed forth in the language of cattle to consecrate the day. It is said that Ben, (who afterwards became a deacon) yielding one Sunday to the pleadings of nature and humanity, ventured, while his father was reading the Bible, to throw a few locks of hay into the mangers of the poor suffering cattle—and not content with this act of mercy, he procured a pail in order to give to each of them a few swallows of water; but as the old gentleman looked over his spectacles and saw Ben drawing water and carrying it towards the barn, he left the good book, hastened out of the house, seized a large whip, and belabored poor Ben most unmercifully. After returning with his son to the house, and his *holy* passion having subsided, he again went to his Bible, while Ben, in a surly mood, sat in the corner. But at that time, Ben's heart was in a state of nature, and he felt compassion for the distressed, whether supported on *two* legs or *four*. He also could feel a desire to pressure properly on Sunday, for just before the corn was ripe the preceding autumn, a little bit of a tornado escaped along our Saturday night and prostrated a few lengths of fence which separated the cornfield from the pasture; and when Ben discovered it on Sunday morning, he did not even think of the decalogue of Moses, but, like a good fellow to his father's interest, went and repaired the fence, purely with a view to save the corn from the cattle, and the cattle from the colic. This precautionary act never came to the knowledge of Ben's father, and consequently he did not get a *dressing down* for it.

But to return—after Ben had sat in the corner till the smarts of the ox whip had somewhat abated, he asked his father if he would read those portions of Scripture which speak of pulling cattles out of pits on the Sabbath day, and watering them. This unexpected request, for a moment, disconcerted the old gentleman, but he evaded it by informing his son that the passages he alluded to contained nothing but *interrogatory* instruction and not *commands*—and consequently were not binding.

At that time a *Revival* prevailed in the parish, and Ben Thoughtful was soon enrolled on the list of converts. The oil of regeneration had a powerful effect upon him. He was soon taught to believe that the warm and generous glow of youth was the only effect of his *natural depravity*—and that in order to be in a state of acceptance, and to understand the duties of life, all the passions implanted in his bosom by nature must be eradicated or smothered in their dawn; and that even *reason*, unless he passed through the ordeal of a *Revival*, would only serve to bewilder and lead him farther into the labyrinth of errour and destruction. This the minister told him—and of course it would be impious to doubt it. So rapid was Ben's (we ought now to call him Benjamin) improvement in devotion, that his future destination in the church became a general theme of conversation. He had already exhorted and appeared in supplication; but as his education had been that of a rustic, it would not do to think of making a minister of him.—From certain propensities Benjamin had manifested against the other sex, it was resolved that he should be a *Deacon*; and in this capacity he officiated for fifteen years—paying strict attention to the Sabbath, but no attention at all to the ladies—till one Sunday, after the close of divine service, he was seen leading a horse, caparisoned for a female rider, towards the huge horse-block in front of the meeting-house. Did you ever notice the horse-blocks contiguous to country churches? They are generally made of the butt of a tree some five or six feet in diameter, about four feet in height, with two or three steps cut in the side for ascending. While Deacon Thoughtful was leading the horse with a sidesaddle on towards a horse-block of that description, every body was anxious to direct who the rider might be. All eyes were soon fixed on a group of ladies in front. One lady tripped from on a sudden Miss Deborah of her changeable silk the crowd, with her [illegible] and pinned before, that in gown care, it neither be wrinkled nor soiled.—[illegible] ridiculous appearance to one unaccustomed to such sights, was truly laughable; but the good people of the village where the Deacon and Dorothy paid their devotions, hardly had a risible muscle disturbed on her account, but when the Deacon passed the reins over the horse's head, and attempted to push the after part of the beast nearer the block that Dorothy might be sure to land right, he was heard to say, "ride slow after you turn the corner, and I'll soon overtake you."—This hint of the Deacon's to Dorothy, and the manner in which he performed the ceremonies of the horse-block, caused a simultaneous laugh among the crowd, and for a moment even the people of *steady habits* seemed to forget that it was Sunday, and that they were contiguous to a meeting-house. The Deacon was not so much of a sap head as not to know that they were laughing at his expense, and in his eager haste to mount his own horse, either chagrin or love gave such an impetus to his agility, that he sprung quite over the saddle, and brought up sprawling on the ground the opposite side. Sunday or no Sunday, the laugh became immoderate, but the Deacon was soon astride of his beast, which, in a shambling gait that was neither a pace, trot nor canter, soon turned the corner in pursuit of Miss Dorothy.

When the Deacon had overtaken his paragon, he thus addressed her:—"Now, Miss Cheesetub, I have been thinking what the Apostle says, that a Deacon should be the husband of *one* wife; and if I understand the meaning of the language, while it forbids a *plurality* of wives to a Deacon, it also forbids him to live without *any* wife—and I have been thinking, Miss Cheesetub, that if you would take care of my dairy, and become Mrs. Thoughtful, how snugly we could get along together." Dorothy, who had always had a great attachment to cows and milk, received the proposal in a manner so cordial, that the Deacon, forgetful that it was the Lord's day, in the elation of his spirit, essayed to kiss Dorothy on horse back, whereupon both steeds took fright, and the Deacon, with Miss Cheesetub in his arms, tumbled headlong to the earth. Fortunately, neither received any injury from the fall; and after the Deacon had brushed the dust from Dorothy's clothes he said we are commanded to greet each other with a holy kiss, and though I was disappointed while riding, you will not be so unmindful of the Apostle's injunction as to refuse this token of fellowship. What kind hearted daughter of Eve was ever known to refuse a kiss from a Deacon, especially if he quoted scripture in support of his request?—Miss Cheesetub did not,—and who can blame her? When rallied on the subject, the Deacon declared that he would fall from his horse any time for such a kiss; and so passionate were his feelings that four Sundays in succession were devoted to Dorothy, and then their nuptials were celebrated; but the pious Deacon was so enraptured on the evening of his marriage, that he showed no marks of wisdom except his gray hairs; and Dorothy's eyes exhibited additional lustre, when the guests praised the cake and cheese, both of which were made by her own hands. For a while the Deacon's bride so engrossed his attention, that he once forgot when Sunday came; and at another time, instead of attending to his deaconship, he and Dorothy spent a considerable part of the Sabbath in a rural ramble round the farm, gathering strawberries, &c. But the honey moon had hardly expired, before he relapsed into his former state of piety, regarding a rigid observance of the Sabbath as the only criterion that a man is fit to live or die; and the last information we received of the redoubtable Deacon Thoughtful, was, that he had petitioned to be divorced from Mrs. Dorothy C. Thoughtful, for having given birth to a child on Sunday.—*Nantucket Inquirer.*

"YANKEE DOODLE," AGAIN!

Washington City, 19th February, 1830.

SIR:—Some years ago a friend of mine, at Cheltenham, England, turned his attention to the musical antiquities of that country, and a tune in his collection, which I perfectly remember, seems so much like the *foundation* of your national air that I am induced to offer you a few remarks in aid of the end which is aimed at by the several writers whose researches were published, from other papers, in yours of yesterday.

The tune to which I allude was traced down below the reign of Charles the First, together with many different copies of verses. One of these songs, written in ridicule of the Protector,—began with this line:—"*The Roundheads and the Cavaliers*,' another set of words to the same tune was entitled "NANKEE DOODLE;" and ran thus:

"Nankee Doodle came to town,
Upon a little Poney,
With a feather in his hat,
Upon a Maccaroni."

These words have a striking similarity with those quoted by one of the correspondents of Poulson's Advertiser, of which the following is a copy:—

"Yankee Doodle came to town,
For to buy a firelock,
We will tar and feather him,
And so we will John Hancock."

The first line is the same in both versions with the exception of the N, for which Y was substituted.—The occurrence of the word "Feather," is no less remarkable. These verses, (with a long string) were said to allude to the coming of Oliver Cromwell, (on a small horse) into Oxford, with his single plume, which he wore, fastened in a sort of knot which the adherents of the Royal party called "a maccaroni," out of derision.—What renders the history of this tune the more remarkable is that to this very day the words of "Lydia Locket," alias "Lucy Locket," are sung to it by school children.

The tune is written in the same Time, and has the same number of Bars as Yankee Doodle, and from its close resemblance, together with the identity of the words, I have little doubt but that the latter ("Yankee Doodle") was composed as a sort of Parody to the more ancient one. Knowing how few presses are supplied with musical type, I shall attempt to convey this tune to your readers in such manner as will enable them to reduce it to music paper. The *key* is that of C,—the line 2-4. The letters represent their corresponding notes,—and are *all* quavers.

The letters in italic, are notes immediately above the five ruled bars,—so that *G* is four notes above C.

The bars are separated by perpendicular lines.

PART I.

C D C E | *G* E C E | D E D E | D B G B
C D C E | *G* E C E | A C B D | C — C —

PART II.

G A G F | E D C E | D E D C | B A G *G*
G A G F | E D C B | A C B D | C — C —

—*Columbian Gazette.*

A BALLAD SINGER

Is a town crier for the advertising of lost tunes. Hunger hath made him a wind instrument; his want is vocal, and not he. His voice had gone a begging before he took it up and applied it to the same trade; it was too strong to hawk mackarel, but was just soft enough for Robin Adair.—His business is to make popular songs unpopular,—he gives the air, like a weathercock, with many variations. As for a key, he has but one—a latch-key—for all manner of tunes; and as they are to pass current amongst the lower sorts of people, he makes his notes like a country banker's, as thick as he can. His tones have a copper sound, for he sounds for copper; and for the musical divisions he hath no regard, but sings on, like a kettle, without taking any heed of the bars. Before beginning he clears his pipe with gin; and he is always hoarse from the thorough draft in his throat. He hath but one shake, and that is in winter. His voice sounds flat, from flatulence; and he fetches breath, like a drowning kitten, whenever he can. Notwithstanding all this his music gains ground, for it walks with him from end to end of the street.

He is your only performer that requires not many entreaties for a song; for he will chaunt, without asking, to a street cur or a parish post.—His only backwardness is to stave after dinner, seeing that he never dines; for he sings for bread, and though corn has ears, sings very commonly in vain. As for his country, he is an Englishman that by his birthright may sing whether he can or not. To conclude, he is reckoned passable in the city, but is not so good off the stones.

Fish Story, but a true one. Some twenty-five years ago, a Mr. S. of this town, who was then at Sissonset, sent some codfish to his father at Boston. On dressing one, which had a poke unusually large, a younger brother of him who sent the fish had a mind to open the poke, when to his and his father's astonishment, he found in it an open jack-knife, handle and blade eight inches in length, which the fish had swallowed point foremost. On examining the knife, E. G. were discovered marked on the handle, when the lad exclaimed, "'tis uncle Eben Gardner's." The boy hastened to the supposed owner, to inquire if he had lost any thing. Being answered in the negative, he then questioned his uncle if he had lost a knife. His reply was, that when fishing 8 or 10 days before, he had lost a jack knife overboard, east of Bass-rip. When asked to describe the knife, it soon appeared fully evident that the knife found in the fish's poke was the one he lost. The boy who found the knife is now one of our most respectable citizens, from whom we had, within a few days, these curious facts.—*Nantucket Inquirer.*

On hearing a Woman call a crying child a "Cherub."

I often wondered why the name
Of innocents in heaven,
Should to a dirty, squalling brat,
A child of earth, be given.

Till, by good chance, to church I went,
Which put conjecture by,
For quoth the clerk, "the Cherubim
"Continually do cry!"

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the third day of January, A. D. 1830, in the fifty-fourth year of the Independence of the United States of America, Carter & Hendee, of the said District, have deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof they claim as proprietors, in the words following, to wit:

"The Frugal Housewife. Dedicated to those who are not ashamed of Economy. By the author of Hobbomok.

'A fat kitchen maketh a lean will.—Proverbs.

'Economy is a poor man's revenue; extravagance a rich man's rate.'

Second edition. Corrected and arranged by the author. To which is added Hints to persons of Moderate Fortune."

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, 'An Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned;' and also to an Act, entitled 'An act supplementary to an Act, entitled, An Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books to the Authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned; and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of Designing, Engraving and Etching Historical and other Prints.'

JNO. W. DAVIS,
Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.

feb 19 4t

COLUMBIAN EMBROCATION.

It is an indisputable fact that thousands of persons, whom business or pleasure calls to foreign countries, are deterred from attempting a voyage, on account of the violent attacks of sea-sickness to which some persons are always liable in rough weather, and from which they are cramped for many days after the commencement of their first passage by sea. It cannot be denied that numberless individuals, in this and every other country, would be glad to seek another climate either for the restoration of impaired health, in pursuit of wealth, or from other causes, were it not from the dread of suffering themselves to be sea-sick, illness which has often proved fatal to life. This illness however may be alleviated, and in a few hours all symptoms of it driven away, by the use of the Columbian Embrocation,—a cheap preparation which is to be applied externally, and may be put into any vehicle to use with the utmost safety, and with a certainty of immediate relief.

The Columbian Embrocation is offered to the public with the most entire confidence. It has been repeatedly tested, and in no instance has it failed to produce the desired effect, in the most aggravated cases of sea-sickness.

The Columbian Embrocation is sold wholesale and retail by EBENEZER WRIGHT, 46 Milk street—general agent for the proprietors of the original recipe. feb 19

District of Massachusetts, to wit:—*District Clerk's Office.*

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the twenty-third day of January, 1830, in the fifty-fourth year of the Independence of the United States of America, Carter & Hendee, of the said district, have deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof they claim as proprietors, in the words following, to wit:

"The Young Emigrants. A Tale. Designed for Young Persons. By the author of Morals of Pleasure.

'The education of circumstances—insensible education—which, like insensible perspiration, is of more constant and powerful effect, and of infinitely more consequence to the habit, than that which is direct and apparent.—*Mrs. Barbauld.*'"

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled 'An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned;' and also to an act, entitled 'An act supplementary to an act, entitled "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned;" and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving and etching historical and other prints.'

JNO. W. DAVIS,
Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.

feb 26 4w

AMERICAN COMIC ANNUAL.

An AMERICAN COMIC ANNUAL for 1831 will appear. Edited by HENRY J. FINN, and embellished with appropriate illustrations, designed and executed by D. C. JOHNSTON.

This work, [illegible] disposed to honor the Comic Annual by contributing to its pages, will please direct their communications, [illegible] the Editor, Boston, previous to the first of June ensuing. Papers [illegible] be produced which combine humanity with humor.

NEW CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

HOWARD has opened a Circulating Library [illegible] next Washington street. Strength of [illegible] ed, comprised many of value, and is particularly rich in works of recent date.

No pains will be spared to add to the Library, promptly, [illegible] interesting publications as they appear.

Miscellaneous books and a good assortment of Stationery always on hand, for sale.

Also, Cumberland's British Drama, and a general assortment of Plays.

Among the latest additions are—Ellwood De Grey—Walsingham—The New Forest—Romance of Real Life—Devereux—[illegible]—Sketches of Naval Life—Hungerford Tales—Annes of Geierstein—Stratton Hill—Last of the Plantagenets—The Collegians—Yeomanry in Ireland—Tales of Military Life—Tales of Fashion—Conquest of Granada—Trials of Life—Sailors and Saints—The Forest Sanctuary—Stewart—Tales of the Night Watch—Lewis Hunter—Cuba—Clapperton's Second Expedition into the interior of Africa—Peace Campaigns—Basil Hall's Travels—The English in France, &c.

Boston, October 22d, 1829. 4w

NOTICE. BOSTON SOCIETY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

The subscribers to this Society being already more than sufficient to fill the Hall of the Athenæum, and applications being daily made for Tickets, notice is hereby given, that arrangements have been made with the gentlemen to repeat the Lectures on each Saturday evening.

Persons desirous of attending, may procure tickets at the Bookstores of Messrs. Carter & Hendee, corner of Washington and School streets.

The price of Tickets will be as before advertised; $6 for adults, $4 for minors.

The Lectures will be given by the following gentlemen:

Dr. Walter Channing,	Hon. Alexander H. Everett,
Dr. Francis Lieber,	Rev. Alonzo Potter,
Dr. John Farr,	Dr. Chandler Robbins,
Hon. William Sullivan,	Hon. John Pickering.

By direction of the Managers.

dec 4 H. ROBINSON, Rec. Sec.

A MANUAL OF CHEMISTRY,

on the basis of Professor Brande's; containing the principal facts of that Science, arranged in the order in which they are discussed and illustrated in the Lectures at Harvard University; the U. S. Military Academy; Brown University; Amherst, and several other Colleges in the United States—compiled from the works of the most eminent Chemists. Designed as a text book for the use of students and persons attending lectures on Chemistry. Second Edition. Corrected, enlarged, and brought down to the present time, by the addition of the recent discoveries, and illustrated with nine plates and several wood engravings. By John W. Webster, M. D. Professor of Chemistry at Harvard University.

Elements of Chemistry, for the use of Schools and Academies, comprising the principal part of "A Manual of Chemistry." By Andrew Fyfe, M. D. with additions and alterations by John W. Webster.

Recently published and for sale by RICHARDSON, LORD & HOLBROOK.

feb 19 1w

District of Massachusetts, to wit:—*District Clerk's Office.*

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the thirtieth day of January, A. D. 1830, in the fifty-fourth year of the Independence of the United States of America, Carter & Hendee, of the said District, have deposited in this Office the title of a Book, the right whereof they claim as Proprietors, in the words following, to wit:

"Letters of Pestalozzi on the Education of Infancy. Addressed to Mothers.

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled "An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned;" and also to an Act, entitled "An Act supplementary to an Act, entitled, An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned; and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving and etching historical and other prints."

JNO. W. DAVIS,
Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.

feb 19 4w

NATIONAL SPELLING BOOK,

and Pronouncing Tutor; containing rudiments of Orthography and Pronunciation on an improved plan, by which the sound of every syllable is distinctly shown, according to Walker's pronouncing dictionary. With Progressive Reading Lessons. Designed for the use of Schools in the United States. By S. B. Brown, Principal of the Adams Grammar School, Boston.

The following notices of this work, amongst many others which have been given, may be deemed sufficient evidence of its value.

From the Masters in the Department of Reading and Grammar, in the Public Schools of Boston.

Having examined the National Spelling Book of S. B. Brown, and carefully compared it with other Spelling Books in common use, we feel justified in expressing our decided preference of it, for the superior classification of the words, &c. &c. [illegible] not only of the common, but of the [illegible] the compact and simplicity of the introductions and key; the abridged and judicious arrangement of the matter contained in the work, and its faithful [illegible] pronouncing, render it, in our opinion, decidedly superior to any Spelling Book with which we are acquainted.

Signed, John Frost, Mayhew School; Abraham Ambrose, Brookline School; Cornelius Walker, Hancock School; R. K. G. Oliver, Hancock School; Charles Fox, Franklin School; William J. Adams, Franklin School; Benjamin Hale, [illegible]

Extract from the minutes of the School Committee, Roxbury, Mass. [illegible] voted, that the National Spelling Book, by S. B. Brown, be [illegible] use and in the public schools in Roxbury.

Attest, [illegible] Committee For Schools.

☞ The publishers have given the preference to place this work in every school committee, the School Committee of Boston came [illegible] adopted the National Spelling Book for the use of all the public schools of the city. It is also recommended by the Vermont State School Commissioner for use throughout that State.

Also—the Introduction to the National Spelling Book; containing the first principles of Orthography and Pronunciation on the plan pursued in the National Spelling Book, [illegible]

Published by RICHARDSON, LORD & HOLBROOK, 132 Washington street, Boston, and for sale by most booksellers and [illegible]

feb 19

INDIA RUBBER BOOTS AND SHOES.

[illegible] pair Gentlemen's India Rubber Shoes, and [illegible] pair Ladies do. all prime selected shoes, for sale by ISAAC WILLIAMS, No. 102, Washington street.

Also, a few dozen pair India Rubber Boots, for Gentlemen, [illegible] do. made in a new and improved style.

4t feb 19

GRAMMAR SIMPLIFIED,

or an Outline Analysis of the English Language, [illegible] price, [illegible] For sale by RICHARDSON, LORD & HOLBROOK.

feb 19